
**ADDRESSES
DELIVERED AT
WINONA BIBLE
CONFERENCE
WINONA LAKE
INDIANA USA
AUGUST 17 to 27
1902 :: VOL. III**

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Volume III

Rev. S. C. Dickey, D. D., 118 Monument Place, Indianapolis, Ind.
Secretary and General Manager Winona Assembly
and Summer School

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THE INTEREST on these bonds is guaranteed by the WINONA ASSEMBLY AND SUMMER SCHOOL.

THE PROPERTY and franchises are prudently estimated to be worth ALMOST DOUBLE the entire bond issue.

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ADDRESSES

Delivered at

Winona Bible Conference

WINONA LAKE, IND.

AUGUST 17 to 27

1902

Volume III

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., 156 Fifth Ave., New York
Director Winona Bible Conference

Rev. S. C. Dickey, D.D., 118 Monument Place, Indianapolis, Ind.
Secretary and General Manager Winona Assembly
and Summer School

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THE SECRET OF SOUL WINNING.

BY REV. JOHN BALCOM SHAW, D. D., OF NEW YORK.

Proverbs xi, 30: "He that winneth souls is wise." Strong and striking as the statement is here, it is even more positive and emphatic as it stands in our revised version, namely: "He that is wise winneth souls," leaving, as one sees at once, absolutely no room for the least exception, and practically making this declaration: "He that is wise is bound to win souls."

At first it seems a little sweeping, but when we remember that there is really but one work that wins, and that is work for others; when we hear the promise of the prophet: "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever"; and give heed to the declaration of the apostle, that he that "converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins," we are prepared to give assent of mind and heart alike to the statement of the wise man.

I believe the statement means something more than that. I believe it means not only he that is wise is bound to win souls, but that only he who is wise can win souls. He wins in that wisdom which cometh down from heaven, which St. James describes as "first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." In other words, this work has its secret, and, like all secrets of the Lord, it is known only to those who fear Him. May the Holy Spirit, sent to guide us into the truth, be our teacher tonight as we try to learn together the secret of soul-winning.

Of course, first and last, speaking fundamentally, there can be but one secret of soul-winning, and that is the Holy Spirit's co-operation with us. Without His aid the mightiest human effort becomes impotent, and with His help the weakest human

effort becomes omnipotent. And, speaking again, fundamentally, there is only one thing that conditions the Holy Spirit's co-operation with us, and that is our co-operation with Him. As dear old Dr. Spencer of Brooklyn used to say to those seeking a reviving of God's grace in their own hearts: "Be sure, my brethren, be sure, that you co-operate with the Holy Spirit."

I would answer the question, Wherein does co-operation with the Holy Spirit consist? In this way:

(1) We co-operate with the Holy Spirit when we yield ourselves to His gracious influence and become the personal subjects of His operations. Otherwise, what are we doing? We are resisting the Holy Spirit, and what is resistance but the very opposite of co-operation?

(2) We co-operate with the Holy Spirit when we share His purpose and share it so truly and so deeply that it stirs our being to its depths and thrills us as with a consuming passion. If that be not our purpose, then the Holy Spirit faces one direction; we are facing the other direction. We are at variance. We can not be in co-operation.

(3) We co-operate with the Holy Spirit when we join Him actively, practically and personally in His work, for a co-operation that is only negative is no co-operation at all.

(1) We co-operate with the Holy Spirit when we yield ourselves completely to His gracious operation. How true is it that many of us go out to urge men to accept Jesus Christ, yet we are not proving to them that we ourselves have accepted Him. How true, alas! is it that we preach to men, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," and our life is almost one unbroken piece of unbelief. And all too true is it that we urge men to absolute surrender, and we haven't begun to realize what surrender means ourselves. Could there be anything more devitalizing spiritually than that? Is there anything that will sap a man of his power like inconsistency? It will hinder us, but it will still more hinder others, and much more must it hinder God. Believe me, a man who has never himself put away sin God can never use to call other men out

of sin. A man who hasn't himself surrendered can never be appointed of the Holy Ghost an apostle of surrender to other people; and he who is living in union with the world, rather than in separation from the world, will obstruct and not conduct the flow of God's grace into his own heart and from his own heart out into the hearts of others. Therefore, I say, without qualification, before we can be soul-winners we must yield to the Holy Spirit's conviction of sin so far that we put it out of our lives. We must yield to the Holy Spirit's conviction of righteousness so far that we have taken God's will as good and right and true, and rest altogether in that and work beneath it. We must yield to the Holy Spirit's conviction of judgment to come so far that we draw the line which separates the world from the church, the adherents of Satan from the disciples of Christ.

It will cost, then, to be a successful soul-winner, and the question is, are we willing to pay the price thereof? One of my friends just returned a few months ago from a voyage around the world, and he loves to tell of his visit to the South Sea Islands, where he met a cannibal chief who, like all other true converts, aflame at once with the love of Jesus, had become a missionary to his fellows. He took his little boat out among the islands, preaching Christ to his former fellow cannibals. After a while he became so successful that he felt the need of a better boat, and the American missionary sold his boat to him for a nominal sum. In a little while the old feelings began to come back. After six months he went back to the American missionary and said, "Here is your boat; take it off of my hands." The American missionary said, "Why, can't you afford to keep it? If you can not, I am willing to hand you back the boat and lend you the money." He said: "That isn't it; I can well afford to keep the boat, but if I keep that boat another month I shall go back to my old life. As I sail out and in among my fellow cannibals the old feeling comes back, and I can't keep my boat and win the cannibals for Christ; take the boat off my hands." Oh, my brethren, some of us, before we can win our fellows to Christ, must give

up our boat. I don't know what your boat is; I think I know what mine is. It may be pride. It may be a love of ease. It may be a sordid love of the world. It may be ambition. It may be selfishness; but, my God, help every one of us tonight, if need be, to give up his boat.

(2) We co-operate with the Holy Spirit when we share His purpose and share it so deeply that it stirs our being to the depths and fires us as with a consuming passion. The one great consuming and governing purpose of the Holy Spirit is to bring the world to Christ. Wherever, whenever, however He works, that is His sole purpose. How far do we share in that purpose and so fully that it becomes with us a passion? You say, "Why, I share in that; I give for the progress of the kingdom; I pray for it." Oh, my brethren, don't you know you might do all that, and yet not share in the purpose of the Holy Spirit? What is your practical purpose? I confess that as I have been going up and down through the churches I haven't seen very much of what I regard a passion for souls. I haven't found it among Sunday-school teachers as I think it ought to be; that hunger for the souls of the children that will not let the teacher be anything else but a winner of souls. I haven't found it among church officers as I think it ought to be found, nor among Christian Endeavorers. Many a sermon I hear does not seem to be a sermon for souls. I don't know why this passion for souls that I used to know in the churches when I was a growing boy is no longer here. Some say it is because of universalism, and I half believe it. Some say that men and women have lost the belief that if a man dies out of Jesus Christ he dies a lost man. I half believe it. Some say it is because of the commercialism of the age, in which Christian people are losing all sight of the unseen and are just satisfied with the seen. Some say it is because of secularism, and I feel it is such to some extent—the world crowded into the church until we have lost the line of demarcation between the church and the world. Some say it is because of "selfism," in which Christian men and women will come to Northfield and to Winona, and be content to get the good things themselves,

and go away forgetting the multitude dying all around them. Whatever is the cause, I know it is the great lack of the church today. We have advanced in benevolence, and in sociology, but the great need of the church today is a passion for souls. The trouble is that we are all tempted to stop with the world's goal of service, which is the physical, the mental, perhaps the moral. We must get away beyond that goal to the goal of the spiritual, and stay not until we reach it. The Christian is bound in his service to seek first and last the souls of his fellow men. Though we may say "amen" to the words of Mrs. Browning:

*"A sick man healed by thee shall make thee strong;
A poor man helped by thee shall make thee rich;
Thou shalt be served thyself in every sense
Of service which thou renderest;"*

and though we adopt the ideal of Helen Hunt, who was as great a poet as Mrs. Browning, though perhaps not so widely known, when she wrote:

*"If I can live
To make some pale face brighter, and give
A second luster to some tear-dimmed eye;
Or e'en impart
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,
Or cheer some wayworn soul in passing by;
If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain,
My life, though bare,
Perhaps, of much that seemeth dear and fair
To us on earth, will not have been in vain."*

Yet, if we are not seeking men's souls in this service of ours, we are not the followers of Him who came into the world, "not to be ministered unto, but to minister," and to do what? "To give His life a ransom for many."

Oh, when I see George Whitfield standing on the piazza step of the house at Newburyport, with the candle in his hand, preaching to the multitude that had gathered on the lawn until long after midnight, almost until the breaking of the new day made the light of the candle no longer necessary; as I hear Charles G. Finney ask his hostess to let him sleep that night in the barn, rather than in a comfortable bed in the house, and he spending the whole night until breakfast on his knees in the hay-mow, praying for power with sinners; as I see D. L. Moody in 1876 back in the great hippodrome meetings, anxious to get through with the larger service, though dealing with five thousand souls, that he might go yonder into a little anteroom to deal personally, individually, with men; and when I take up that biography of George MacGregor, who was such a benediction to so many of us at Northfield, and to many others over in Keswick, and turn to the chapter entitled "Passion for Souls," and read over this remarkable statement made by his cousin: "There was probably not a moment of the day when a passion for souls did not present itself consciously and irresistibly to the heart of the man," I know, my brethren, I know what is the matter with me, and I think I know what is the matter with some of you. Until we get a like passion for souls, we will call out to God and heaven will mock us. A ship's surgeon told this story to a member of our New York Presbytery: "On our last trip a boy fell overboard from the deck. I didn't know who he was, and told the crew they had better go out and try to save the boy. One of the crew pulled him up. He took off his outer garments, turned him over a few times, worked his hands and feet, and when they had done all they knew how to do they said, 'Haven't we done all we can?' 'Yes,' I said, 'I think you have.' A sudden impulse told me I ought to go over and see what I could do. I went over, and found it was my own son. Well, you may believe, I didn't think the last thing had been done. I pulled off my coat. I bent over that boy, blew into his nostrils and breathed into his mouth. I turned him over, and simply begged God to bring him back, and for four long hours I worked, until just at

sunset I began to see the least flutter of breath that told me he lived. Oh, I will never see another boy drown without taking off my coat in the first instance and going to him and trying to save him as if I knew he were my own boy." And, oh, my friends, when you and I realize that these men and women around us will be lost unless we turn in and personally do what we can to save them, then, and not until then, shall we have the requisite passion for souls, and until we have that requisite passion for souls we will not be soul-winners for Jesus Christ.

(3) Will you turn to our last answer, which is this: We co-operate with the Holy Spirit when we join Him actively, practically and personally in His work. I put more and more accent upon the life. Peterborough said to Fénelon: "Why, if I stay another week in your home I will be a Christian despite myself." John Angell James told at the end of a splendid ministry that he entered the Christian life through the influence of a college mate who lived four years in his company the most devoted life.

Oh, my friends, let us be sure of this: If our lives aren't telling for Christ nothing we do will win souls.

*"Thou must thyself be true,
If thou the truth wouldst teach.
Thy soul must ever flow,
If thou another soul would reach.
It takes the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech."*

I give more and more emphasis to prayer. I said to my people last year, if I had five men in this church who would promise to work all the while for souls, and five others to pray all the while for souls, I would choose the latter.

I would lay more emphasis upon bringing people under the teaching of the Gospel. We haven't the soil, as a rule, to sow on. There is no trouble about the seed when you get it into the ground, but you must have the ground to get the seed into.

I was in Albany some time ago, and as I made my way to the church where I was to speak, a little boy began to shout with vociferous voice: "Evening papers." I could not see any one but myself within the sound of his voice. That is just about the way the ministers of many of our churches are doing. They are shouting loud enough, but the sinners are beyond the range of their voices. We have been raising up a generation that knows not Joseph. It is all news to them. I went into a restaurant a short time ago in my own city, and, as I often do, I talked with the waiter, and asked him why he didn't go to church more. He looked at me and said: "I guess I know about as much about the plan of salvation as you do." Well, I almost fell off the chair to hear a waiter in a New York restaurant use that old Calvinistic, Presbyterian phrase, "the plan of salvation," and to tell me he guessed he knew about as much about it as I did. Such men are the exception, and we can preach our Gospel and yet souls will go down to death unless we can get that seed upon a wider field. We can do this by going to the people. Last Sunday a week, when I was preaching in Chicago, I learned of that group of men inspired by their leader, Cleland B. McAfee, who were out on the streets night after night preaching Christ and singing Christ. That is what we want. To get rid of our miserable dignity; to give up our conservatism, and be willing to go into a theater, a hall, upon the street corners, anywhere, to get a chance to preach to the crowds, "the common people," the ever living and transforming Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Then we want those who shall feel it their duty to bring people under the power of the Gospel. You are going home to enjoy your privileges, my brother. Do not scowl when a stranger is put into your pew. That is what they do in some of our New York churches. Until we have got that out of the churches it is mockery to talk about winning men for Christ. If we get a chance to preach to sinners we have the Divine assurance: "My word shall not return unto me void."

I want to put the chief emphasis upon another line of practical co-operation with the Holy Spirit, and that which is the

keynote of this conference: personal work. I feel that in all our churches there are men to whom we have preached for years who can not be brought into the kingdom and led to confess their faith openly in Christ, save by our personal work. We are preaching the Gospel, yes; but why aren't we clinching it with the effective touch of loving, personal work? I went up into New England recently to preach in one of the colleges there. At the close of one of the services I said I would meet all the boys who wanted to talk with me. One of them came to me and said: "Wouldn't you like me to show you around to the room?" I saw that something was troubling him, and I said, "Why shouldn't we talk a few minutes about personal religion?" I saw the tears come into his eyes, and, asking him what was the matter, he said: "Do you know yesterday was my twenty-first birthday. Early in the morning I had a letter—mother had written it just so it would come at the right time—and she said, 'Are you going to pass the day without becoming a Christian? Take a stand and go and tell somebody about it before night.' " "Well, then, my dear boy," I said, "the Lord has brought you and me together here tonight." I prayed and I asked him to pray. The next morning, though it was cold and snowy, he met me as I drove to the station, and, with a great light in his face, said, "Oh, it is all settled. I settled it last night before I went to bed, and I thank God the light of heaven has broken into my soul." What did it? Personal work. Oh, God, send us out into our churches, into our communities, to the lost men and women to do personal work for Jesus Christ. Elders, deacons and stewards in the churches, have you ever gone over your pew record and picked out the men and women who have never confessed Christ? I did that the other day for my session, and I said to one elder: "Do you know there are twenty-five people sitting in a radius of ten pews from you who have never taken a stand for Christ?" Brethren, do you know how many are in your churches, to say nothing about your homes, and about your social circle, who are out of Christ and to whom you have never spoken a single word on the subject of religion? Oh, until we

do this work, I believe that our prayers will be mocking God, and the revival which we seek will be long delayed. We shall not feel, even as we turn our faces upward, the first droppings of a shower, much less the great downpouring for which we are praying and longing with all our hearts.

If ever I had this pressed in upon my heart it was two summers ago when I was in the mountains. Old Harvey, my old Adirondack driver, who had taken me all over the mountains, I knew was not a Christian. I had talked with him about his soul, but I had never done real hand-to-hand, heart-to-heart work with him. One day we were driving, and I felt that I must speak to him. Finally, I said to him, "Harvey, I am going to preach next Sunday in the Valley church; won't you come and hear me?" "Well," he replied, "if you put it that way, I will." The very next morning my neighbor, Dr. MacIntosh, who summered in the mountains, came to me and said, "Did you know that old Harvey is very ill, and they don't think he is going to live?" I went down that day. They said, "You can't go in; we are very sorry, but you can't; he is too ill." I went the next day, and he was worse, and, of course, they wouldn't let me in. I went the next day, and the little granddaughter came out crying as if her heart would break, and said, "Oh, my grandfather has just died." The Sunday came, and I went and preached in the little mountain church. The church was full, but I am sure I didn't see anybody. My mind ran down the road to where old Harvey lay cold in death. At the funeral I could not pray nor talk. I said to another, "You had better do that; you have known him longer; I will just read the Scriptures." And as I looked into the strong, rugged face of the old mountaineer it soon vanished from sight. Nor could I see the plate on the casket. I saw an inscription there, as if written by a Divine hand, which read, "A lost opportunity." And I believed then, as I believe tonight, and shall always believe, that it was more of a lost opportunity to me than it was even to old Harvey. There are men and women dying near each one of us, in our homes, in our churches, in our social circles, in our business offices, and in every case, believe me, it is a lost opportunity.

SERMON BY REV. PROF. A. C. ZENOS.

AUGUST 22, 1902.

The fundamental subject to which I propose to call your attention for a few minutes is that of Bible study. How shall we study the Bible? I think every Christian ought to rejoice that we have come upon an age that may distinctively be called an age of Bible study. In whatever other respect the Christian church may come short at the present day, it does not come short in its attention to its literature and conception of the sources from which it is expected to derive its information, its inspiration, its comfort and its strength. A few years ago the American Institute of Sacred Literature appointed a committee to investigate the extent to which the Bible is taught in the colleges of the land, and investigations of the same kind were made by individuals. Some of the results were encouraging and some were discouraging, but this matters not; the very fact that such investigations are being instituted is a sign of an awakening with reference to this particular matter of Bible study. When we consider that within the last five years two gigantic enterprises have been undertaken and carried through—the enterprise of Hastings and his Bible Dictionary, and that of Cheney and Black in the Encyclopedia Biblica—and that these are being indorsed by business men, we can not but be sure that there is a livelier interest in the hearts of intelligent men everywhere for that which is purest and best in the field of Bible knowledge. Then look at the way in which all our institutions of learning have been urged and compelled to make the Bible a part of their curriculum. Even the theological seminaries have incorporated a course of instruction in that version of the Bible which is most familiar to us all. On behalf of the seminary which I have the honor to represent, I am glad to say that we were one of the very first to yield to this pressure, and for eight years have had an organized course of instruction in the English Bible, and it is resulting in better and better effects on the theological instruction, we hope.

This fact of profound and increasing interest in Bible study is one in which we all rejoice. It is also a fact which reminds us of a responsibility and lays upon us a burden. A great movement can not be allowed to take care of itself, and it devolves upon us to inquire what this movement claims from us. The more obvious fact in the history of this movement is the appearance of a changed view of the Bible and of methods of studying it, and it behooves us to inquire what this new thing may mean, what are its underlying principles.

First of all, I wish to say that the new attitude toward the Bible and its methods of study is not rationalistic. Rationalism is not a new thing. Rationalism has been in existence ever since men exercised their reason in the investigation of religious and spiritual matters. It is claimed again that it is scientific. It is scientific, but that is not its exclusive characteristic. The term scientific is applicable to the old attitude to a large measure, but it is also applicable to the new. In the old attitude there is the traditionalist way of studying the Bible. The traditionalist's attitude is unscientific because science begins with facts, limits itself to facts, analyzes and interprets the facts and then makes a synthesis of the facts in a theory. The traditionalist begins with a tradition: The fathers believed so and so, therefore we must begin with that view. What the fathers believed forms the starting-point for us, and we go on from that starting-point to determine whether this or that be so.

On the other hand, the new method is associated with a similar unscientific mode of approach, for there are those who advocate the new attitude toward the Bible, but come to it with the feeling that the supernatural can not be real, that the miracles must be accounted for, and their sole aim and purpose seems to be to exclude the miraculous element.

The most appropriate term, in my judgment, to apply to the new method is the term "analytic." The emphatic point in this term is that it takes the old process of using the Bible and divides it into its natural parts, and lays due and proper emphasis upon each stage and part of the old process. It looks upon

the Bible in the first place as a collection of books ; in the second place, as a book of history within a history, and third, as a book designed to enlighten and guide the whole human race from sin unto God. In this sense, let me say that I propose to defend, to encourage and commend and to urge this new method as a far better and more useful one than the old attitude toward the Bible.

The new method claims that the Bible is to be studied as a collection of books ; that it is to be studied as literature. That is a phrase that has been used very much more commonly in recent years than formerly, and has created some prejudice. To study the Bible as literature is simply to take Genesis, Exodus, Romans, Corinthians and the other books as mere writings and compare them side by side with the poems of Homer, the dialogues of Plato, the dramas of Shakespeare. We will say not a new thing in saying that men have always admired the beauties of literature in the books of the Bible ; if we point out that the book Job and certain of the Psalms and the book of Isaiah are so strictly literary in their conception that men have never failed to recognize these beauties. I remember that when I first went to McCormick Seminary Dr. Halsey had written a whole volume on the literary attractions of the Bible. This has been so in all ages, but it was reserved for our own days to take the whole Scripture from the first page to the last and give it systematic and thorough and complete study from this point of view ; and I say at this place and in this connection that all honor is due to the men who have done this work—men like Professor Moulton, who have incorporated the results of their life studies in the *Modern Reader's Bible* and into others of a similar kind.

This literary study is apt to be overestimated on the one side and underestimated on the other. It is underestimated by men of very devout and pious sentiments, who think that because the Bible is studied as literature, therefore its religious value must be neglected and its power to create spiritual life under the Holy Spirit is set aside altogether as useless and as non-existent. I have heard, you have heard, sneers at the phrase

"Studying the Bible as literature." On the other side it is overestimated. There is a great deal more expected from it than it can ever yield. It is curious that our minds can not occupy a sound middle position as between exaggeration on one side and exaggeration on the other side. The proper test is just this: Does it accomplish the end of bringing a clearer and more complete and fuller understanding of the contents of the Bible to us? As long as it does this it is accomplishing all that it exists for. What is the Book of Job from a literary point of view? Is it a cold and bare history? Is it a poem? If a poem, what kind of a poem? Upon the answer depends our ability to understand just what the Book of Job was intended to convey to the human mind by its author. To fail to answer such a question is to put yourself at a very great disadvantage.

The second stage in the analytical method ought to be suggested by the fact that it looks at the Bible as a collection of books of a history and within a history. Each one of the books was written by some man or men; each was written at a certain time, within a certain environment. There were men living to which each was addressed particularly to meet human needs. The historical question first of all involves the inquiry who these men were, what their needs were; who the author or authors were, and how they looked upon their relations to the times and to the men they were addressing, and farther than that, as to each particular passage. It means that we shall inquire what particular bearing that passage had upon the needs of the times and the circumstances. All this, you say, was involved in the old method. It is, and yet in the old method it was largely a matter of secondary importance left to the unconscious determination of an intelligence that did not particularly take it into account. Take, for instance, one of the older type of men who did not give this historical stage its proper emphasis. Ask such a man who Isaiah was. He might say he was a prophet of the Old Testament. He might not be able to approach within three or four hundred years of the time of his life. Beyond that he might not care to know.

The new method tries to give clear instead of vague ideas of the several authors of the Bible.

You will say you are recommending to us "higher criticism"; and that is a phrase which to some people acts like a red flag to a mad bull. Yes, I am recommending the higher criticism; but let us understand what we mean by the higher criticism before I commit myself to that position squarely and fairly. If by higher criticism we mean the views entertained by Cheney, I totally deny it and reject the whole system. If by higher criticism you mean a method of investigation that inquires into the facts of the Bible as presented in the Bible as capable of being analyzed, and then put together in a fuller, clearer, more accurate whole, then I say I do recommend higher criticism, and shall rejoice to recommend it until the end of my life.

Some object to this higher criticism in the way in which we recommend it by asking whether it does any good, whether it adds to our knowledge. They say, Have we not already a sufficient knowledge of the facts that this higher criticism is attempting to bring to our attention? My answer is that we certainly have not sufficient knowledge on these points. Then they say, What of tradition; does not tradition tell us who the authors of these books were, and the circumstances under which they were written? I say that tradition certainly misleads us in a great many cases, and it behooves us to hold to tradition only so far as it can be substantiated. There is a great amount of uncertainty as to the critical results, but isn't there uncertainty about every other point of scientific investigation? Which is the better form of subjectivism: the one that is put forth at the present day by men whom you see and recognize and for whose limitations you can make allowance, or the subjectivism of a man of a thousand or two years ago, whom you do not know? Subjectivism there is, in the traditional view, and subjectivism there is, in the modern critical view, but which is the more trustworthy?

It is again objected that this new method unsettles faith; and men begin to ask, What, then, shall we believe if the old

views cherished by our fathers can not be held? I say it does not, for the time being, make very much difference what you believe as long as you accept the Bible as the only inspired rule of faith, and practise and use it with prayer. If your face is set toward the truth, if you are seeking for that which is sound and correct in the matter of Bible knowledge, you will come to it in due time.

It is further said, Why all this trouble? Why not be satisfied with the way in which our ancestors studied the Bible? Didn't they get at the saving truth after all? A question like this is not asked with reference to other matters. What was satisfactory to our ancestors in other spheres of life is not satisfactory to us at the present day. Is it not so? The possession of that which is good and sufficient does not prevent us and should not prevent us from going on to that which is better and more useful. If that were the principle on which we acted, then we would all be wearing homespun, and we would cross the continent in ox-carts rather than the Twentieth Century Limited. That which is good is good to hold to. That which is better is better to seek after. I would like to refer to some of the advantages of this historical method, how it makes the Bible a living book, speaking to us its own message, and how it is increased in comfort, strength and power, but I must pass on to the final step in this new analytical method of studying the Bible.

We take up next the devotional, the religious stage, toward which all the steps enumerated are tending. Let the literary study of the Bible lead us on to the historical, and the historical on to the devotional, and then we shall accomplish the end for which God has given His Word to us. Let me speak in the way of a parable: A certain king lived in a certain palace, and from a certain chamber put forth his voice, calling upon his subjects to do his will; and some of them came around the outer wall and strained their ears to hear the voice of the king, and they heard something of his message and went away. Some went beyond the wall into the beautiful garden around the palace, and they heard more, and they

heard more truly because they were surrounded by flowers. And some went farther into the palace, and they heard more and more truly because they beheld the palace where the king lived. And some went into the innermost room where the king himself dwelt and listened to his voice in its fulness and clearness and understood it all. So it will be with all of us. We hear the voice of God through the Bible. If we simply stay outside of the outer wall we shall hear only facts to be of use to us. If we go into the literary enclosure, the garden, we shall hear something more. If we go into the inner part of the palace, still more we shall hear and still more we shall know; but we can not and shall not know and understand all clearly until through these stages we reach the innermost presence of the voice itself.

The work is taxing. It is hard indeed to go through all these preparatory stages. Some of them are painful; some of them are laborious, but it is worth while, and may God's grace be with us, and may we not be satisfied until we come to that which is perfect.

THE CHRISTIAN HOME.

BY REV. GEORGE R. STUART.

Genesis xviii, 19: "For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment; that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him."

I shall throw myself upon the sympathy and prayers of this great audience tonight as I invite your attention to a subject that ought to engage the thought of every character present. If you are a father or a mother, a son or a daughter, the subject of this hour ought to secure your thoughtful attention. I shall go with you tonight to the dearest and most sacred spot

on earth to you and me—a spot around which cluster the sweetest associations and the most precious memories. I shall speak tonight of home. The longer I live, the more I visit from home to home, the more I see of the sorrows and cares, the successes and failures of this life, the more I am impressed that the home problem is the greatest problem of our civilization. The homes of our country are so many streams pouring themselves into the great current of moral, social and political life. If the home life is pure, all is pure. The home is the center of everything.

From the proper or improper settlement of the home question comes more of joy or sorrow, more of weal or woe, than from all other questions combined. Build your palaces, amass your great fortunes, pile up your luxuries all about you, provide for the satisfaction of every desire; but as you sit amid these luxuries and wait for the staggering steps of a drunken son, or contemplate the downward steps of a wayward daughter, happiness flies out of your heart and your home. There is nothing that can render happy the parents of godless and wayward children. Around the home circle of the cottage or the palace are greater possibilities of joy or sorrow than in all the rest of the world. Not only does the happiness of the world center in the home, but the moral, social and civil life of the world emanates from the home. Every drunkard, every gambler, every debauchee, every lost character, once sat in mother's lap and learned the mother tongue and mother thought and mother action—the mother life. The downfall of every character can be traced to some defect in the home life. If God Almighty has fixed it up so we can not take our children to heaven with us, He has put us in a horrible condition. The prettiest picture earth furnishes is a whole family on the way to heaven; the most horrible picture is a whole family on the way to hell. I believe in the truth of the proverb of this book: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." A child properly trained up to the proper point will not go astray. The normal way to get rid of drunkards is to quit raising them; the normal way to

get rid of liars, thieves and debauchees is to quit raising them. Every man steps from the home door into the social, moral and the civil world. What he is upon the home step he will be in the field of life. When Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Talmage were talking over the great international questions Mr. Gladstone flashed his intelligent eye upon the great preacher and said: "There is but one question. Settle that right, and you settle all others. That question is Christianity." I stand in my place tonight to say that if you settle Christianity right in the home it settles all questions everywhere. National life never rises above the home life and never sinks below it.

When the Lacedæmonian desired Lycurgus to establish a democracy in the state he replied: "Go you, friend, and make the experiment first in your own house." Napoleon, being asked, "What is the greatest want of the French people?" said, "Mothers." Church life can not rise higher than home life. I have no faith in the woman that talks of heaven at church, and makes a hell of her home. If I were investigating a woman's piety I would rather take the evidence of the cook than of the preacher. The talk of a clean heart at the church is discounted when no soap is used at home. The talk of a perfect Christian life is discounted by the absence of buttons and big patches on the clothes of unkempt children at home. Some men talk in the church like angels and talk to their families like demons. Church religion never goes above home religion. You can not shout higher than you live. Home is the head fountain. When water rises up above its fountain it has to be forced with an air pump. When I hear people talking at church higher than they live at home I know the talk is pumped up. People who do not quarrel at home rarely quarrel with their neighbors. As we live in the home world, so we live in all worlds, whatever our professions are.

Henry Grady, the brilliant Georgia orator, so short-lived, to the regret of this great republic, tells us where he found the home of his country. As he stood in Washington and looked upon the capitol for the first time tears came to his eyes, and he said to himself: "Here is the home of my na-

tion. That building is the official home of the greatest nation God's eye ever saw." A few weeks later, after spending the night in an old-fashioned country home, where the noble Christian father read from the old-fashioned Bible and knelt with his children around the family altar, and after having associated for a day and night with the manly Christian man and the noble Christian woman in this old-fashioned Christian home, he said: "I was mistaken in Washington; that pile of marble, magnificent as it is, is not the home of my country, but here in these country homes are reared the men and women of my country." These homes give us our men and women. Brick and marble do not make a country. Men and women make a country. When God Himself would start a nation He made the home life the deciding question, and selected Abraham as the foundation on the ground set forth in my text, because God knew him, that he would command his children and his household after him, and that God would therefore be able "to bring upon Abraham that which he had spoken of him."

God's ideal nation starts with the home, with the father of the home "walking in the way of the Lord to do justice and judgment," and his children and his household following after him.

The two central ideas of the home life expressed in this text are the fundamental ideas of a successful home and national life.

Home *authority* and home *example* is expressed in the words, "He will *command* his children and his household *after* him." The ten years I spent as a school-teacher, where from the log school-house in the mountains to the boarding college of the towns, I met every class and condition of children—where, as the old gladiator said, "I met upon the arena every shape of man or beast"—I learned the great truth of this text, that home authority and home example settle the great questions of life and character. The years spent as a Methodist preacher, visiting from house to house, and the years spent in traveling over this great country of ours, have only furnished illustrations on every hand in proof of the fact that neither the

law nor the Gospel can make a Christian nation without the help of home authority and home example. Anarchy is not born in the Haymarket of Chicago; outlawism is not born in street mobs. The questions of obedience to law is settled in childhood. The child who does not obey his father and mother will obey neither social, civil nor divine laws. When God said, "Children, obey your parents," He told the world where obedience originates.

The most dangerous sign of the times is the neglect of home life and the growing disrespect of children for parents. Themistocles once said: "My little child rules all Greece." When asked what he meant, he replied: "The little child rules its mother, the mother rules me, I rule Athens, and Athens rules all Greece." That old Grecian family has many representatives in this country.

A little six-year-old boy can scream and stamp and boss a household, postpone a trip, change a program, and bring father and mother to his terms. I was in a home some time ago where a father asked a little six-year-old child to shut the door. She replied: "I won't do it." He said: "Poor papa will have to shut it himself." She replied: "I don't care; I won't." And I saw poor papa get up and shut the door. Having been an old school-teacher, I wanted to borrow that child for about fifteen minutes; but upon mature reflection I decided that her father was the fellow that needed lending. No man can bring a greater curse upon law and order and a good civilization than to turn such creatures out into the world. Uncontrolled at six, and outlaws at twenty. A lady once heard me tell this incident. Her little boy was present. She asked him on their return home if he had heard the incident. He replied: "Yes, mamma." She asked him what the little girl needed, supposing that he would answer, "A whipping," but the little philosopher replied, "She needed a daddy." The need of the world today, in the vernacular of that child, is some first-class daddies and mammies. Many of our boys are like the fellow who came down the river to Knoxville on a log raft with his father, and, when asked where he was "brought

up," replied: "I wa'n't brought up at all. I just come down on the raft with dad." Many boys have never been properly brought up; they just drifted along with a careless father.

The learning of the academy, the college, the university, may fade from the mind, but the simple lessons of home defy years, and live on. The words of a mother make deeper impressions than any other words that touch our plastic childhood. The mother of Walter Scott was well educated and a great lover of poetry and painting. The mother of Byron was proud and ill-tempered and violent. The mother of Napoleon Bonaparte was full of ambition and energy. The mother of Lord Bacon was a woman of superior mind and deep piety. The mother of Nero was a murderess. The mother of Washington was a pure and good woman. The mother of Patrick Henry was eloquent in speech. The mother of John and Charles Wesley was intelligent and pious and full of executive ability. The mother of Doddridge taught him Scripture history from the Dutch tiles on the fireplace, on which there were pictures of subjects taken from the Bible.

When the devil robs a boy the last thing he takes are the early impressions made by his father and mother.

I talked with a trainer of the finest lot of educated dogs that ever went through this country. I asked him to give me two or three rules for training dogs. He replied: "First, I get the dog when he is a pup. I get full control of the pup, and then everything is easy. I have him to do over and over the part he is to perform in public until it becomes a habit." As I walked away I said: "God gives us our children when they are little. He has made them to look like us, talk like us, and to imitate us naturally in all we do and say." What an opportunity! And if we were only as wise as the dog trainer, and would get complete control of the child, and have him to perform over and over the part he is to play upon the stage of human life, we should find the truth of the proverb, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

PRAYER AND HICKORY.

A lady who had raised seven noble Christian sons, with not a black sheep in the fold, was asked by an old friend of mine how she did it. She replied: "I did it with prayer and hickory." Two better instruments were never used. I do not mean to encourage the brutal punishment of children, but when solid piety and wholesome authority go hand in hand obedient and pious children follow. Example and authority go together. God knew that Abraham would *command* his children *after* him.

After delivering this sermon in the state of Virginia on one occasion, a gentleman came to me, gripped my hand, and said, with tears in his eyes: "Don't fail, wherever you go, to impress upon the people that old woman's prayer-and-hickory method." He said: "I was the indulgent father of an only son. I was sitting by my fire one night after my boy had been sent home for insubordination to college authority for the second time. Wife said: 'Why don't you come to bed?' I replied: 'I can not sleep.' 'Why?' said she. I said: 'I am thinking about our boy.' She replied: 'It is your fault; you have never controlled him, and how could you expect others to do so?' The words were like a dagger in my heart, but I knew they were true. I sunk down on my knees by the chair and said: 'O God, if you will forgive the past, I will control that boy in the future.' I slept but little that night. The next morning, after breakfast, I said to the boy: 'Come and go with me.' He was fifteen years of age. We walked out into a woodland near the house. I cut a good switch and rehearsed to the boy his course of disobedience, and explained to him my own mistakes, and told him that I had brought him out there to correct him for his disobedience. I told him to take off his coat. He replied: 'I won't do it.' I looked him in the face and said: 'My boy, I am your father; you are my son. I promised God Almighty last night on my knees that I would control you, and I will whip you here this morning, or you or I will die in this woodland. Take off your coat, sir!'

He saw in my eye for the first time in his life the spirit of authority. He drew his coat in a moment, and I gave him a whipping, at the conclusion of which I said, 'Now kneel down with me;' and we knelt there together, and I told God of my own neglect and of my boy's wayward conduct, and promised God in the hearing of my boy to be faithful to my duty the remainder of my life, and prayed God's blessing on my wayward child. When we arose from our knees he put his arm around my neck and his head on my bosom. We wept together for a long time. Then he looked up and said: 'Father, I will never give you any more trouble.' And from that day to this I have never had a care about him; he has been the most obedient son a father ever had. He is married now, is a steward in the Methodist church, and no truer, nobler Christian man walks the earth than my precious son."

How many a wayward boy all over this country might be saved by the proper combination of wholesome authority and a godly example! Our children are turned out on the streets of the cities, and God only knows where they go and what they do. The boys and girls in this country are like Tennessee oats in dry weather—they "head" too soon. Girls are women at thirteen, and boys are men at fifteen.

OUR MOTHERS.

Passing down the streets of Chattanooga, I saw an old cow trotting along at the rear of a wagon. She was not tied, but everywhere the wagon went the nose of the old cow was close to the hind gate. She paid no attention to carriage or wagon or street-car. She followed the wagon, and I could not understand it. I waited until the wagon approached me, and ascertained the secret. A little calf was in a box up in that wagon. She was determined to see what became of her calf. I pointed it out to a friend, and then called his attention to three little boys standing in the door of a saloon across the street, and said: "I do not know where the mother of those boys is, but that old cow is a more faithful mother than the

mother of those three boys. The old cow is determined to know where her calf goes, but the mother of those boys doesn't care where they go." I never see a hen gather her little ones under her wings as a hawk flies over the yard but I wish while our moral atmosphere is literally full of the hawks of hell that our mothers and fathers would keep their children close under the parental wing, and shield them from temptations of the evil one.

Mrs. Wesley, who gave to the world such a noble family, the lives of whom will bless the world for generations to come, heeded the command of God in the rearing of her nineteen children. Her first step, she says, was to get complete control of the child. How this is done I can not tell you. I wish I could give an unerring rule, but the rule differs with the disposition of the child. One thing is true; authority is necessary. Take the child and the problem to God, but as you love your child and fear your God, secure its obedience to your authority.

A poor young man stood before the judge to be sentenced to death, when the judge asked him if he had anything to say why the sentence of death should not be passed upon him, bowed his head and said: "Oh, if I'd had a mother." Many a boy who has gone into a life of reckless folly, without the restraints of home, can stand up in his debauch tonight, and say, "Oh, if I'd had a mother! O, if I'd had a mother!" Some boys can say like the tramp, when asked how long he had been an orphan, said: "I was born an orphan." I am profoundly thankful above all things for the fact that I have a good mother—a mother who, when she said "George, you shall not," I did not. If I did, then she did. I owe all that I am, morally and religiously, to the authority of a good mother. I also owe my life to that authority. I give this little history, which is sacred to me. A few years ago I and three other young men planned a trip to Europe. We had read and talked and planned for months. A few months before we were ready to start I mentioned the trip to my mother, who, since my father's death, has made her home with me—and it has been my sweetest pleasure to give her the sunniest and best room in my home. When I men-

tioned the trip she said: "George, I am getting old; you are my only stay; I am afraid of the ocean; I can not let you go while I live. Wait till I am gone, and then you can go to Europe." I thought it was a mere kind of sentiment with mother, and that I would get all things ready for the trip, and that in the kindness of her heart she would yield her consent. I had made arrangements, temporarily, as some of you possibly have done permanently, to have my father-in-law take care of my wife and children, and all things were ready for the trip. A short while before we were ready to start I stated in the presence of my mother: "Well, we are off soon for Europe." She looked up and said: "What is that, George?" I said: "We have everything ready, the trip is all organized, and we start for Europe soon." Straightening up in her chair, she looked me straight in the face and said: "George, I told you once I did not want you to go. I have thought over this trip and prayed over it, and I can not give my consent for you to go; and now I tell you so that you will understand it: You shall not go." I said: "Mother, do not put it that way." I tried to argue the question, saying: "It is one of the sweetest hopes of my life that you are crushing." She said: "George, I have prayed over it; my mind is made up. We will not discuss it; you shall not go, and that settles it." And when she said that I knew it did settle it, and I surrendered what to me was one of the most pleasant hopes of my life. I hunted up my companions, and said: "I'm not in it." They excitedly exclaimed: "What's the matter?" I said: "Mother won't let me go." They said: "Are you not twenty-one, married and got children, and yet tied to your mother's apron-strings?" I said: "I would not cross the old Atlantic against my mother's wishes for a million dollars."

A few days later I got a letter from Brother Jones asking me to accompany him on a trip to Canada. The following week we were plowing across Lake Ontario. It was a bright day. Brother Jones, wife and I were sitting on the deck of the vessel, and as she plowed the blue waters I said: "This is glorious; how I wish it were on the Atlantic, and I were headed

for Europe. I shall always feel that mother was a little harsh in breaking up my European trip." Brother Jones said, "Well, old boy, the whales might have gotten you in the Atlantic;" and we dropped the subject. On our return we were going in to the supper table at Buffalo, N. Y. Brother Jones bought the New York World. Just as we reached the dining-room door he said: "George, there has been a terrible railroad wreck at Thaxton, Va. My! what a list of the killed!" Looking at the list, I saw "Cleveland, Tenn." I snatched the paper from his hand and read, while my blood ran cold: "John M. Hardwick, Cleveland, Tenn., killed and burned; William Marshall, Cleveland, Tenn., killed and burned; Willie Steed, Cleveland, Tenn., killed and burned." I threw up my hands and said: "O, Sam, the next name would have been 'George R. Stuart, Cleveland, Tenn., killed and burned,' but for the authority of my precious mother!" I ran out to a bulletin board, found when the first train toward home was due. We turned from our journey and came immediately home. I found my little town gathered about the streets, and sadness resting like a cloud upon the whole town. As I walked up the street the mother of one of the boys, in whose home I had boarded in other days (she was almost as a mother to me), ran out on the street and said: "Oh, George, if only I had the body of my precious boy!" When I reached the gate I saw my mother come running; she threw her arms around me and said: "Thank God! my boy is safe." And I said: "Mother, I never missed it when I took your advice. I am sure I shall take it from this to the grave." I found I had never learned what God meant when He said: "Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Home authority has saved life and it has saved character and saved thousands of souls; for the lack of it the world is going to rot. But home authority is worth little without home example.

It is the nature of the child to follow. Did you ever start across the room, mother, and hear a thud on the floor, and look around to find that little Mary had caught your dress and at-

tempted to follow you, and you had jerked her sprawling on the floor? Father, did you never, on reaching the gate on your departure from home, find little John at your heels, and as you closed the gate before him he looked up piteously and cried, "Papa, let me go wid 'oo." The children go with us—they follow us. How beautiful the sight to see father and mother walking in the ways of righteousness, followed by the large household of God! How horrible the sight to see the wicked father and mother start off to hell, and every little child following! How horrible to see them lead one at a time into that awful abyss, and there each recognize the other, and the parents realize that they led them there! Stop, my brother! Stop, my sister! do not go farther in that direction with those precious little ones following you. They look into your faces and ask the way. They see your tracks and follow.

Some time ago I heard a roar of laughter in the hall of my own home. I walked out of my study and found the household laughing immoderately at my little boy, who was coming down the stairs dressed in a full suit of my clothing. He had tied a string around the buttons of my pants, and pulled the waistband close up under his arms, and rolled the pants up at the bottom. The vest reached to his knees, the long coat dragged the floor, the big hat almost hid his head, and his feet were lost in my number nine shoes. How comical, how funny it seemed to the family! but as I looked upon it I saw the serious side, and said: "Wife, that is not a laughing picture to me. It has in it a lesson as touching as the great realities of life. That sight teaches me that the little boy wants to be like his father—wants to wear his father's shoes and walk as his father; dress in his father's clothes and be as his father. God help me go right!" I sent that boy, by the servant, to the gallery that morning and had his picture taken. That little picture is kept in my writing-desk drawer, and every time I open that drawer that little picture talks to me, and says: "Look out, papa; I'm following you." Every father who hears my voice to-night should not forget that there are scenes in your homes that talk to you every day and cry out to you as piteously as

life and death: "Look out, papa; look out, mamma; I'm coming after you." Don't go wrong; don't lead little feet astray.

A father coming into his home some time ago heard his little boy and little girl quarreling as if they were going to fight. He said: "Why, children, why are you quarreling so with each other?" The little boy smilingly replied: "Why, papa, we are not quarreling in earnest; we are just playing papa and mamma." Those little fellows had heard something. If we watch our little fellows, we will see them playing papa and mamma in more ways than one.

A Baptist minister told me of a little boy whom he had found in his rounds of pastoral visiting with his hair clipped close from the top of his head, presenting a most comical picture, which called for the following explanation by his mother: "This little fellow got hold of my scissors yesterday, and the first thing I knew he had clipped the hair off the top of his head, and when I asked him why he did it he replied with an air of victory: 'Make my head like papa's head.'" His father was a bald-headed man. How often we find a boy's head like his father's head. Look out, skeptic.

In one of Tennessee's cities a special friend of mine walked down to the Tennessee river with two bright, promising boys. He said: "Boys, we will try a swim together." And with his boys at his side they swam together out toward the current of the river. Away out in the current the father called a halt and advised a return, but as they turned to go back to the shore the waters proved too swift, the distance too great, and the two boys sunk by his side. He swam to the shore, piteously crying: "My boys are gone." He said: "The mistake I made was, I swam out too far with the boys." I am talking to men who are swimming out into the current of social life and amusements and dissipation with their bright boys at their side. Some of these days they will call a halt and start back to the shores of sobriety and piety; but the boys will be carried off with the current, and they will walk the shores of life sad and lonely, breathing from their broken hearts the saddest of all sentences: "My boys are gone! my boys are gone!" Stop,

my brother ; stop. Come back to God tonight. Bring those bright boys with you. Don't go farther into the current of worldliness.

An old local preacher in our conference lived a life of simple piety and unquestionable honesty before a family of boys and girls. His sons have been honorable. One of them, who has been to the United States Congress, gave this little incident to my presiding elder. He said: "I have never doubted my father's piety. He has lived, without reproach, a Christian life in his own home. But in spite of all teachings and example with which I have been so wonderfully blessed, little doubts would still enter my mind. When my father came to his deathbed I said to myself: 'Now is the time for me to settle some questions.' I walked up to the bedside of my dying father and said: 'Father, I know two things ; you can tell me another ; and these things will settle the problems of life.' My father said: 'What are they, my son?' I replied: 'I know that you have been an honest man—you never told a story in your life. Secondly, I know you have practised the teachings of the Christian religion as perfectly as man has ever followed his Christ. Now the question you can tell me is this: Is this religion all you hoped it would be in the hour of death? Has it in life and death proved a reality to you?' My father looked up, a smile played over his face, a tear of triumph filled his eye, and he replied: 'My son, I know whom I have trusted, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day. Thank God, Christianity was all that I could ask for in life, and more than I hoped it could be in the hour of death. I have lived a happy life and die a triumphant death. Thank God there is a reality in the religion of Christ.'"

The son said: "I walked away from the bedside of my dying father, and, so help me God, from that day to this not a shadow of doubt has ever found place in my mind. When I went to the United States Congress, among the first packages of my mail was a package containing the works of Col. Ingersoll, with his compliments to me. I opened the package. The very sight of those books brought up the

smiling face and triumphant words of my dying father. I carried the books and dropped them into the grate and saw them burn to ashes. I washed my hands with soap and dried them on the towel, and that is as near as I have come to going back on the faith and life of my precious father." This bit of history teaches us the power of godly example. Thank God for Christian parents whose lives are great beacon lights along the shore to guide us from the dangerous rocks into a haven of rest!

While Sam Jones and I were preaching in Nashville I told this little incident. At the conclusion of my sermon a Methodist preacher came up and laid his hand upon my shoulder and said: "Brother Stuart, how your sermon today carried me back to my home. My father was a local preacher, and the best man I ever saw. He is gone to heaven now. We have a large family; mother is still at home, and I should like to see all the children together once more and have you come and dedicate our home to God, while we all rededicate ourselves to God before precious old mother leaves us. If you will come with me, I will gather all the family together next Friday for that purpose." I consented to go. The old home was a short distance from the city of Nashville. There were a large number of brothers and sisters. One was a farmer, one was a doctor, one was a real estate man, one was a bookkeeper, one was a preacher, and so on, so that they represented many professions of life. The preacher brother drove me out to the old home, where had gathered all the children. As we drove up to the gate I saw the brothers standing in little groups about in the yard, whittling and talking. Did you never stand in the yard of the old home, after an absence of many years, and entertain memories brought up by every beaten path and tree and gate and building about the old place? I was introduced to these noble-looking men who, as the preacher brother told me, were all members of churches, living consistent Christian lives, save the younger boy, who had wandered away a little, and the real object of this was to bring him back to God.

The old mother was indescribably happy. There was a smile

lingering in the wrinkles of her dear old face. We all gathered in the large old-fashioned family room in the old-fashioned semicircle, with mother in her natural place in the corner. The preacher brother laid the large family Bible in my lap and said: "Now, Brother Stuart, you are in the home of a Methodist preacher; do what you think best."

I replied: "As I sit today in the family of a Methodist preacher, let us begin our service by an old-fashioned experience meeting. I want each child, in the order of your ages, to tell your experience."

The oldest arose and pointed his finger at the oil portrait of his father, hanging on the wall, and said in substance about as follows: "Brother Stuart, there is the picture of the best father God ever gave a family. Many a time he has taken me to his secret place of prayer, put his hand on my head, and prayed for his boy. And at every turn of my life, since he has left me, I have felt the pressure of his hand on my head, and have seen the tears upon his face, and have heard the prayers from his trembling lips. I have not been as good a man since his death as I ought to have been, but I stand up here today to tell you and my brothers and sisters and my dear old mother that I am going to live a better life from this hour until I die. I will start my family altar again, and come back to father's life."

Overcome with emotion, he took his seat, and the children in order spoke on the same line. Each one referred to the place of secret prayer and the father's hand upon the head. At last we came to the youngest boy, who, with his face buried in his hands, was sobbing, and refused to speak. The preacher brother very pathetically said: "Buddy, say a word; there is no one here but the family, and it will help you."

He arose, holding to the back of his chair, and looked upon me and said: "Brother Stuart, they tell me that you have come to dedicate this home to God; but my dear old mother there has never let it get half an inch from God. They tell you that this meeting is called that my brothers and sisters may rededicate their lives to God, but they are good. I know

them. I am the only black sheep in this flock. Every step I have wandered away from God and the life of my precious father. I have felt his hand upon my head and heard his blessed words of prayer. Today I come back to God, back to my father's life, and so help me God, I will never wander away again."

Following his talk came a burst of sobbing and shouting, and I started that old hymn, "Amazing grace (how sweet the sound!) that saved a wretch like me!" etc., and we had an old-fashioned Methodist class meeting, winding up with a shout. As I walked away from that old homestead I said in my heart: "It is the salt of a good life that saves the children." A boy never gets over the fact that he had a good father.

Fathers and mothers, hear me tonight. Little children are looking up into your faces, asking which way to go. They are following your footsteps. Do not lead them wrong. God help you, stop tonight. Gather your little ones into your arms, and turn your back on sin and your face toward God.

THE PRESENT-DAY DEMANDS FOR ENLARGED MISSIONARY EFFORT.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT WINONA LAKE BIBLE CONFERENCE BY
MR. C. CURTIS MCINTIRE.

The conclusion of human history will be the world evangelized. But the world will never be brought to Christ until Christ is first taken to the world. The supreme mission of the Christian Church in the world, the point to which all of her efforts should converge, is none other than the taking of Christ to the world which knows Him not. The question, then, of the evangelization of the world resolves itself into the question of enlarged missionary effort of the church at home.

Before entering the subject let us get rid of two probable

objections: First, no man has a right to question the practicability of this enterprise either so far as the world is concerned, for the gates of every country stand ajar for the church to enter in—or so far as the church herself is concerned—for it is a fact of more than ordinary significance that the church, when confronted with such an unparalleled opportunity, is living in the greatest strength of her history. The capacity of the church to meet the opportunity with all the advantages of modern achievement at her disposal is unquestioned. Second, nor does any intelligent man dare to question its practicability. The greatest work of the past century was that of foreign missions. The world has been, in majesty of conception, loyalty of her leaders, importance of her achievements, forced to recognize it as such. And for any member of the church to think otherwise we must conclude either that he has been living a life of miserly seclusion or that his pastor has been guilty of “criminal neglect.” But we are to consider not the efforts of the church in the past, but the demands for enlarged efforts to take Christ to the world in the present.

Begin, if you will, on the lowest plane of all and consider first the demand for larger effort of the church of the increase of the wealth of the world. I take my statistics largely from the “Report of the Toronto Convention” and the “Statesman’s Year Book of 1902.” The wealth of the world in Christian countries noticeably is on an increase. It began about one hundred years ago. From 1800 to 1850 the world had gained what then appeared to be a fabulous amount. In the next twenty-five years that same amount of increase was added again. During the following fifteen years once more that amount was added, while from 1890 to 1900 the Christian world has added to her wealth as much again as the increase of the first half of the past century. Today the aggregate estimated wealth of the four leading Christian nations of the world—Great Britain, Germany, Canada and the United States—is over \$200,000,000,000. Take it in the United States alone. In 1890 our country was worth sixty-five billions of dollars. In ten years, from 1890 to 1900, the wealth of the United States

increased twenty-five billions of dollars, more than one-third; five-thirteenths of the entire growth of the rest of the century. Considering that rate of increase to be the same, Mr. Speer has estimated the wealth of the United States to be thus far this year in 1902 at least sixty-four billions of dollars.

There was given last year by the various foreign boards less than six millions of dollars, which in God's system, as it has been expressed, amounts to less than one-fourth of a tithe of a tithe of the wealth of the Christian Church. Christians are laying up for themselves after all the expenses of life are taken out of their income more than one hundred times the amount they are giving to take Christ to the world, which means to every person in the world less than one-half of a cent per capita. The average gift of each of the 18,900,000 members of the Protestant Church in this country for foreign missions last year was about thirty-two cents a year. Sixty per cent. of the membership of the church give absolutely nothing for the evangelization of the rest of the world, while if those who do not give would give one cent a week for a year the entire gift of the country would be more than doubled; while if the Christians of the world would give what they ought to give of their wealth the contributions to foreign missions would be multiplied twelve hundred times. Last year, at a single heathen shrine, the Goddess of Cruelty, in India, in spite of the poverty of the famine-stricken people, there was more money expended in heathenish practices than the whole Christian Church taken together gave in the same length of time to Christ for the world. Such facts demand larger activity.

But turn from the wealth of the world and consider, second, the demand of the increasing commerce of the world. If it is possible for the missionary to enter every door of the world, no less is it possible for the merchant. It is not only possible; it is becoming necessary. The leading manufacturers of the western world, through the increased power of modern machinery, are being forced to find new markets in the industrial world to use their surplus production. Witness, if you will, the McCormick binder mowing down its way in the farthestmost

fields of northern Russia, penetrating the darkness hundreds of miles beyond the wake of electric or steam railway. Or see in pagan Asia the leading homes lighted regularly by the oil of the Standard Oil Company—homes that have never yet heard of the true light shining for them from the cross. Commerce, pushing its way, shuttle-like, across the world, laughs at the difficulties over which the church in her paltry way spends years in discussion and delay. If the evangelization of the world were a commercial enterprise, moneyed men of the church would scorn to waste so much time while countless men die. But commerce in its highest form without the cross is a curse. Consider it in its lowest form. Last year there sailed from Boston a single cargo of \$110,000 of rum for Africa, while the exports of liquors from the United States alone in 1901 were valued at \$11,468,100. Heathen nations have not the moral stamina of Christian nations to aid them to resist temptation. While we are neglecting to send them the needed missionaries to save them, merchants are shipping in “millions of barrels of deviltry” to damn them. It is a call for the church to rise up and pre-empt the lands for Christ and show to the world that we believe the greatest thing in the world is missions.

Leaving the demands of material things, think of the demand in the sphere of religion. Pass over the demands, great as they are, of the lower beliefs—Hindooism, Shintoism, Buddhism and Confucianism—and consider particularly the demand for large effort to meet the challenge of the other great aggressive religion in the world. I mean the challenge of Islam. There is no one false religion against whose doors Christianity is beating so much in vain as Mohammedanism. The Roman Catholic Church is noted for her bravery, but to-day Rome does not dare to face Islam. You say Mohammedanism is a dying religion; yes, if you restrict it to Turkey alone. But think of a religion which is supporting an institution such as the Mohammedan University, Al Azhar, Cairo, Egypt, which is larger than any Christian institution, older than any Protestant university, including Oxford and Cam-

bridge, and draws students from a larger area than any Christian college in the world. There are there enrolled annually between twelve and fourteen thousand students, coming in not only from Egypt, Syria, Persia and Turkey, but from western Africa, India, China and Japan—a great army of Islam from which go forth thousands and thousands of trained soldiers as priests and missionaries to fight for the Moslem world. If there are one hundred and forty millions of active Protestants in the world today, there are one hundred and eighty million Mohammedans. The facts as presented in the “Century of Missions” are most significant.

Mr. Johnson finds upon careful investigation that “the heathen and Mohammedan population of the world is more by two hundred millions than it was one hundred years ago.” Witness Mohammedanism today sweeping down over Northern Africa and working its way up the valleys of the Niger and Congo, gaining thousands as followers of the prophet, creating a greater obstacle for Christianity to displace than the native degraded religions in winning Africa’s millions as followers of the King. The Christian Church must be wider awake than she is today to cope with such a conquering power or to batter down the walls of the mosques themselves if she sincerely purposes taking Christ to the world.

The need of the world demands enlarged effort. As to the extent of that need many of our modern theological systems differ. But however much we may disagree, we all must agree to this much: that the world without a Savior is in need. The Biblical doctrine is clear on that point. What does the pathetic parable of our Lord mean when He spoke of the lost sheep and the shepherd scouring the rugged mountain side if it does not mean that those outside of the fold are lost and must be found at whatever cost? The old cry of the need of the millions of hungry and homeless ones living in ignorance and narrowness which we can scarcely comprehend is as imperative today as ever. And if such facts of heathenism no longer move our spirits deeply we ought to be alarmed at the callousness of our souls. Why should the church sit back in satisfac-

tion seeking for congratulations for the work already done when she has done so little to meet the debt she owes to the world? If in 1800 there were one thousand millions to be reached, there are today, after a century's effort, at least seven hundred and fifty millions—one-half of the entire population of the globe—who still remain unpaid.

But with the foreign missions there is a new and more intense need. The church has many adversaries. If the spiritual forces are cutting their way into heathenism the forces of evil seem to be grasping the world with a tighter grip, working with tireless energy their cruel hate. Impurity is walking the streets of Japan. Opium is eating out the best life of China. Gambling is holding South America in its magic spell. Never in all the history of the world has any influence so clutched the lives of those under its sway as the caste system in India today, while with all this, infidelity, agnosticism and atheism are creeping in the way. These forces are after life, and nothing but the transforming power of the Spirit can check their course of sin and shame. If the Church of Christ is going to rightly meet this need today she must be tremendously in earnest.

But if the world needs Christ the church no more needs to give Christ to the world. This leads us to consider the demand of the life of the church. Woven through the fabric of all Christian activity is a golden thread appearing here and there on the surface, ever reminding us of one of God's inexorable laws that "he who lives for self lives in vain, but he who lives for others lives again." It is the law of reflex action. We see it as low down as in the physical world. Every ennobling act rebounds with ennobling power, while every selfish word shrivels up the soul with the echo of its narrowness; or, again in the moral world: He who holds the truth owes it to his brother. And again in the spiritual world. I suppose that the negative side of this question, with all its awful meaning, was expressed by Cain in his negative question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" while the positive view is seen in the experience of the poor widow with the measure of meal and cruse of oil, who saved not only her own life and the life of her son,

but the life of the servant of the Lord, by giving first of her subsistence to the Kingdom of God. Solomon has expressed it axiomatically: "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet but it tendeth to poverty." But the law is clear, as it fell from the lips of the Master, pure and warm: "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven." History bears it out. Witness the marvelous prosperity of the early church which, burning with the passion of Christ, literally turned the heathen world upside down. While the saddest commentary to the opposite is the fact that when the church in her prosperity became unconcerned with the unconverted, her glory was taken away and today her beautiful temples and lasting monuments stand deserted, desolate, lonely, homes of hungry jackals, where bats and moles abound. There was a time in her history when the church had to spend all of her strength in discussion to insure her own existence. But that period has long since gone. It is time for the church, weak and impoverished, to realize her folly of wasting her substance on herself, fostering her own life and the life of millions in the world, and lay hold of this law and live.

But if this is true for the church at large it is true for the church in particular. Missionary effort is always a test of spirituality. Take an example that is almost classic. Six years ago the First Presbyterian Church of Wichita, Kas., a church of four hundred members, was struggling under an immense debt. The life of the church was precarious. In spite of all difficulty and with all this burden, the new pastor, Rev. C. E. Bradt, insisted that the church take the support of a foreign missionary. At the close of the first year the current expenses were met and the floating debt removed. A second foreign missionary and a home missionary were taken for the second year, and at its close the entire bonded debt of \$18,000 was removed, current expenses paid and money in the treasury. Last year that church was supporting three foreign missionaries, thirty native workers, and plans are now completed to take the care of a fourth foreign missionary for this year. But see how such work rebounded at home. If her foreign pro-

gram costs annually \$10,000 so does her home mission work, and for the work in Wichita alone, with her home pastor, she supports an assistant pastor, two office assistants, a city missionary and a church printing press, while the membership today is over twelve hundred, eight hundred being added in six years.

But you say that is a strong church. Well, take a weak one. I know of a church of eighty members which was paying its pastor a salary of \$500 a year. The pastor presented the subject of missions prayerfully, earnestly and definitely for the support of a foreign pastor, and that church raised the first year \$1,300 for foreign missions. There is no self-supporting church, I care not how strong or how weak, but what it is possible for it to support with its home pastor a foreign missionary.

But if reflex action of activity is a blessing, the reaction of inactivity is a blight. Can there be anything more immoral than for a church to believe that the world without Christ is in need and that there is none other name which supplies that need, and then not put forth any effort to carry that name to the need? Such a principle is a principle of death. Dr. Millard, of Baltimore, tells of a church whose annual program reads something like this: Number added to the church during the year by baptism, none; number added by letter, none; number dismissed by letter, 5; number who died, 3. Amount raised for state missions, nothing; amount raised for home missions, nothing; amount raised for foreign missions, nothing. Then the report closes each year with this request, we are told: "Brethren, pray for us that we may continue faithful to the end." I surmise that that end is not far off.

Nor is this an isolated case. Out of the ten leading denominations in this country last year there were over one thousand churches in each that gave nothing to foreign missions. I think of one church that spent more for her printed programs than for the evangelization of the rest of the world; another that spent twenty times as much for her salaried choir, and of another that could have supported four foreign missionaries and

one hundred native pastors for what she spent for her soprano alone. In our own Presbyterian church there were last year 2,615 out of 7,648 churches; in the Synod of Indiana, 136 out of 320 churches, that gave absolutely nothing for Christ in the world.

It is not a difficult thing, in the face of these facts, to explain why there is so much stagnation, or why the treasuries of the Lord are so poor, or why there are so few souls saved in the church at home when the channels through which flow divine power are so choked and clogged by our indifference and neglect. God's church is asleep to the great work of saving souls. I know there are some people interested. I know there are some churches interested; but the church at large knows nothing today of the consuming passion for souls which burned in His heart while He was here on earth.

But who is to blame for all this? Is God? He gave His only Son. That is His plan. Is Christ? He has done all He could for the world; He died for the world. Is the Holy Spirit? He is waiting for an opportunity to enter our lives and use us. Let me frankly and earnestly say that the responsibility rests upon us, leaders of the church, the ministers of the Gospel. Pastors do not preach missions. If the missionary movement prove a failure, Christ will hold accountable for its failure those whom He has put in the place of leadership and power, those whom He has called, whether they do it or not; to preach the subject with which He is most concerned—the salvation of the world. The layman is steward of money; the minister is steward of facts and forces, and until these facts and forces are rightly used before the minds of the church the countless millions will continue to die. The pastor who does not present the facts of missions at least once a year or who has no more respect for the force of the Spirit than to take in the whole world in one sweeping sentence in his morning prayer is wrapping his pound in a napkin and hiding his light under a bushel. He is not worthy of the name he bears. God curses the man who dreams and does not do.

But the man whose eye has been lifted up and away from

self and the world, and has caught the farther vision of Him and of the need of mankind will not dare to waste time preaching anything but Christ and Him crucified. He will fill the people full with the overflow. He will find the man; he will find the money to carry Christ to the whole world. Moses in his day caught the thought when he told Joshua, jealous of Eldad and Medad prophesying in the camp, "Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, that the Lord would put His Spirit upon them." If that little band of a few despised Christians in the birthday of the church accomplished such wonders by His power, what might we expect in the world to-day if every pastor in this country, or if every one of the 7,532 ministers of our own Church alone could catch the Troasian vision and feel the Pentecostal power? Oh, what fullness in each particular church! What larger life in the Church at large!

But what are all these demands for greater effort—money, commerce, life, etc. What are all of these in comparison with the demand of Christ. Christ's claim on the world is the same as it was 1900 years ago. That last command which fell from His lips, expressing His greatest love to His disciples and His greatest meaning to Himself, has been ringing down through the centuries until today it is sounding clear and distinct in our ears, bidding us to rise up and go after Him. Continued indolence means not only further loss of power to ourselves and death to the world, but it means longer delay of the time when He shall become the recognized and rightful King of this world. If the restless millions wait for the dawning of His light, He waits for us to carry them His light. "Ye are my witnesses." "As thou has sent me unto the world, even so have I sent them unto the world." But men are slow and sluggish, for nineteen centuries have come and gone, and two-thirds of the human race have been allowed to live and die in vain. For nineteen centuries His great heart has been pained at the untrue actions of those whom He calls His own. If the visible Church could get the Christward view and see the world as He sees it, love the world as He loves it, feel her responsibility as He feels

it, I think our lives would be so animated with the Master's purpose, "for me to live is Christ," that we all with one accord could not but rise up and for His sake hasten His long expected day of triumph when He shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied.

But, finally, what's the meaning of all of this? The question of all activity comes down to the personal question, the personal question of the human will. God has made provision for the accomplishing of this great task. Men can not do it alone. But that provision is conditioned by our own will. The power is in the Holy Spirit in the world. Power? There is power enough in Him to enter our hearts, if we would let Him, and so control our lives as to enable this gathering to go forth from here and accomplish the whole task ourselves. He is ready to use us by the power of His divine personality. We can lay hold of His power, we can appropriate Him to our own lives, actuating our hearts, mastering our wills, revealing His will to us if we will, if we will. Oh, that the Church could catch that vision of Him and of His will for her in the world. The question of missions would have its speedy solution. These words were written long ago, but they come back to my mind again and again on this very question and have in themselves the conclusion of the whole matter.

*"Laid on Thine altar, O Lord divine,
Accept this gift today for Jesus' sake:
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make.
But here I bring within my trembling hand
This will of mine—a thing that seemeth small,
But Thou alone O Lord canst understand
How, when I yield Thee this, I yield mine all.*

*"Take it, Lord, ere my courage fail,
And merge it so in Thine own will that e'en
If, in some desperate hour, my cries prevail
And Thou give back my gift, it may have been*

*So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
 So one with Thee, so filled with peace divine,
 I may not know or feel it as my own,
 But, gaining back my will, may find it Thine."*

And until we do say that, His will will never be done; His kingdom will never come. Let us go and do His will and crown Him Lord of His own in the world for Him.

SERMON BY THE REV. JOHN BALCOM SHAW.

AUGUST 22, 1902.

Dear friends, I wish, this morning, to speak to you upon our Lord's personal intercession for His people. You know the prophecy stands in the Old Testament that prayer shall be made by Him continually, and we all believe it to be gradually fulfilling in the New Testament. In the New Testament we have very constantly set before us His continual prayer for us, and the particular passage I have chosen is the familiar word in Hebrews vii, 25, "Seeing that He ever liveth to make intercession for us." You know the whole verse, how it reads: "Wherefore He is able to save unto the uttermost them that come unto God by Him, seeing that He ever liveth to make intercession for them." I think we get the idea of that verse a little better if we would just turn it about and read the last clause first and the first clause last: "Seeing that He ever liveth to make intercession for us, wherefore He is able to save unto the uttermost them that come unto God by Him." A dear friend of mine, a fellow minister in New York who is as highly esteemed and as deeply beloved as any among us, perhaps more so, told in a conference of ministers this touching story of his mother, now his sainted mother. He said: "One night on the old farm up in central New York I went up in my garret

chamber to bed, and just as I was dozing off into sleep I heard a footfall upon the rickety staircase, and I knew it was my mother's. I thought I would feign sleep and just see what she would do. She came upstairs with a candle in her hand and put it down on the bureau at the other end of the room. Then she brought a chair up next to my bed and knelt with her face in her hands, and there she stayed for a long fifteen minutes. I knew she was praying, of course, and though she didn't utter a word that was audible, I knew for whom she was praying, and I felt that I could even divine the petitions she was offering. It seemed to me that my heart beat so fast that it must break through its wall and come out. Presently she arose, leaned over and gave me such a mother's kiss and then went away, and I heard her step upon the old stair. I did not go to sleep that night until shortly before the morning, and the memory of that prayer has stayed with me all these years. It was my inspiration when I turned my face to the ministry, and every time there has come a great struggle in my life, or a great crisis, I have thought of mother praying for me, and it has held me up and carried me through; and, oftentimes when I have gone into the pulpit I have turned my thought back to that chamber and that scene, and it has been like a new promise for the work before me." I thought of old Thomas Carlyle going up once a year regularly to visit the grave of his mother, as he confessed, to bring himself afresh under the spell of her godly life. It seemed to confirm to me anew that proverb of the Arabs: "God could not be everywhere, and therefore He made mothers."

But the picture which it brought to my mind and heart most vividly was the picture which the Bible, in the New Testament particularly, unveils everywhere and has left unveiled. This picture, which the author of the Hebrews saw and is here opening out to us, is not of a mother praying, but of One dearer and closer than a mother, who deals with us as one whom his mother comforteth. That was the picture which this man saw of Jesus the Crucified, the risen and exalted Christ, praying for him, and he knew the character and purpose of that prayer.

He felt that it must be prevailing prayer. It reassured him as to its efficiency: "Seeing that He ever liveth to make intercession for us; wherefore, He is able to save unto the uttermost" (as I like to read it) "them that come unto God by Him." It awakened in him that great commanding desire to be worthy of that prayer, for he writes: "Wherefore, what manner of men ought we to be." Such was the vision which Stephen had in his dire persecution as he looked away, and, as we are told, beheld the vision of God and Jesus Christ standing at the right hand of God, and it inspired him with courage and strength to stand to the end, and how gloriously he did stand. That was the vision which St. John had, undoubtedly, when he makes this wonderful declaration of comfort: "If a man sin he hath an advocate with the Father Jesus Christ, the Righteous, and He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world." Don't you suppose he was thinking of the upper room? I do. It seems to me he was saying to the disciples around him: "Yes, Jesus in the upper room did promise the other advocate and sent Him, but Jesus has become an advocate for us above." With Christ on earth our propitiation, and Christ in Heaven our Mediator, what need a man fear? What need a man fear regarding sin. That is the vision St. Paul must have had when he wrote that wonderful passage of the Eighth of Romans. I sometimes think we don't read this idea into it as we ought to: "It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth?" No, don't read question-marks after this sentence. "It is Christ" (or, as the Revision puts it), "it shall be Christ who condemneth." Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again; who is at the right hand of God; who ever liveth to make intercession for us. The greatest condemnation of all, the very height and depth of it is to sin against Christ's love as He utters it in his eternal intercession. It is He that condemneth. That is the picture I would like to leave with you. I would that the Holy Spirit might unveil it to every heart here. That is the vision into which we wish every Winonian would enter this morning. How it would change our lives

to live in the light of that vision. How it would inspire you and me who are preachers if we could only feel every time we came to our pulpits that Christ was upon His knees praying for us. I would that it might be the perpetual vision of my life. There are things in my life these recent years that I can not refer to any other prayers than the prayers of Christ,—deliverance in times of peculiar emergency. Time and time again I have said: "This is the answer to Christ's prayer." Oh, Sunday-school teacher, if you could only have such a vision. If, when you gather that little coterie of children around you, and just long to bring them to Christ; if you could look up like Stephen and see Christ interceding. Oh, men and women, let us hold the picture before us. How wonderfully did Dr. Ross bring us into touch with Christ on the throne of God, and how aptly he used this expression: that "Christ allowed His disciples to overhear Him pray." I believe with Him that one of His purposes was to further disclose to them His mind, His thought of God. I feel that His purpose here was to give His disciples an illustration of His future intercession. I believe that is what He referred to when He made that promise in the early part of the 14th of St. John: "Let not your heart be troubled." "In my Father's house are" (not many mansions), but read it this way: In my Father's house are many "upper rooms." "I go to prepare a place for you." This vision means the Lord of glory upon His knees upon the throne. One's imagination is hardly sufficient to picture that. I used to like to think of Christ taking His crown off and putting it down upon the throne and kneeling; but now I think of Christ with His crown on kneeling, the Royal Suppliant. And if, as we sing, "Satan trembles when he sees the weakest saint upon his knees," how much more can we say that Satan must tremble when he sees the Lord of Glory upon His knees?

Jesus praying for me! That means that His heart is open toward me and toward the world, and his face looking up to the Father. Yes, "lifted up His face" toward the Father, and I suspect His hands, but His great heart looking this way.

Do you know what that means with ten thousand interests to engage His mind? It is wonderful, and I love to sing the words of the old hymn, and how often I find myself humming them over in my silent meditation:

*"In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power;
Let this dear thought employ my heart,
That Jesus bears me on His heart."*

Jesus pleading is the idea of that picture. If you want to have some conception of the importunity of that prayer, think of the prayer in the Garden. I believe, too, there are sobs in this prayer. Handel confessed after he wrote the Messiah that when he came to write the contralto solo, "He is a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," he broke down in the midst of the conception and gave himself to bitter tears, and for a while couldn't go on. You can see the tears today in that music. Oh, I can hear the sob of Christ through every reference to His intercession in the New Testament. We talk about the joy of Heaven, and well we may, but oh, that we might think more of the sorrow of Heaven, the burden that is on Christ's heart for the world, the burden that is on Christ's heart for you and for me, whom He has chosen out of the world.

Then, as I look at that picture, I see another thing. Dear brethren, will you follow me in this? I think I am right. I see a cross upon Christ's shoulders, and heart, as He is there upon His intercessory throne. You have, some of you, seen that wonderful picture painted of Christ when a young man in the carpenter shop, when, as He throws back His hands so humanly natural, His outstretched hands cast the shadow of a cross back upon the floor of the carpenter shop. There is a shadow of the Cross in Heaven; nay, there is more than the shadow of the Cross; the Cross itself is there. "He also maketh intercession for us"—inter, and cedo, to go between; putting Himself between God and me. Wasn't that the work

He did on the Cross? Isn't that Christ's work? Isn't that sacrifice? Yea, my friend, if you can see that vision as the apostle saw it, you will see the Cross upon Christ's heart.

I don't understand that part of the redemption scheme of God that Christ should intercede for us. I know that it is necessary that the Cross should be there. I have not the power to take it away, but I have the power to enable it to be availing. I believe it is the greatest picture next to one in all the New Testament. Rev. xx, 3: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man will hear my voice and will open unto me, I will come in and sup with him and he with me." Look through the keyhole of your door, if it be closed to Christ. You will find Christ standing outside with a Cross upon His shoulder. That Cross we have the power to take away. Oh, may God grant that every one of us this morning, by His Holy Spirit, may be able to make the one Cross more availing, and the other cross altogether unnecessary.

Now, with that picture before you, there are two or three questions which I want to ask every soul in this room. I wish that I might speak to every individual soul alone and ask these questions: First, in the face of Christ's eternal prayer life in Heaven, how does your prayerless life on earth compare? If Christ feels it necessary to pray for us, how much more should we feel it necessary to pray for ourselves? Why, His prayer life in Heaven is but the logical outcome of His prayer life on earth. What a life of prayer that was! If any man needed less to pray than any other man, it was Jesus Christ, and yet He prayed more. He prayed before every great crisis of His life. He was in long prayer with the Father before His baptism, before His transfiguration, before the giving of the Sermon on the Mount, before His crucifixion; and some of us undertake our God-given tasks and go almost prayerless men and women into His very Church. Another thing always impresses me more than that, namely: that Christ prayed after the great events of His life. After the great day in Capernaum He spent hours in prayer. After all great events He retired for prayer. I know a minister in New York who

says he doesn't dare to go out to make a call after his evening service. He must go home and pray. How many of us have felt it more necessary to pray after a service than before? That thought of criticism that comes up. Oh, God, nothing will save me from the consequences of it but to be alone with Thee. Or that of flattery. Let me not stay to hear the Word. Let me get alone with Thee, my God, that I may not lose my humility before Thee. I need to go after my service in order that I may be saved from the reaction which follows. My only deliverance is to pray afterwards as well as before, and to be alone with God. It is significant that the disciples on the way to Emaus did not recognize Christ until He prayed. He had broken the bread to them all through the day. They had heard His voice, but they did not recognize it until they heard the accent of prayer. How he loved to be alone with God. There are three kinds of solitude: The solitude of time, with which the people withdraw themselves from us; the solitude of place, in which we withdraw ourselves from the people, and there is the solitude of spirit, in which the people do not withdraw nor do we withdraw, but in our very natures we are alone. More and more I feel the need in the Church today is the prayer life. We talk about being so busy. Do you remember it was Luther who said: "I am to have an especially busy day to-day, and I can not get along without at least three hours of prayer to begin the day." I know the secret of much of my impotency. I think I can give you, perhaps, the secret of your impotency—too much of a prayerless life. If there is any one resolution I make as I go back to my work this fall it is this: I will keep the world out. I will not live in human strength so much as I have done, though I have tried my best to do it not at all. I will take time to be alone with God.

The second question which I wish to ask you is, if Christ is praying this prayer for your sanctification and mine, if that prayer be not answered, where is the responsibility? You remember how He lifted His face to Heaven at Lazarus' grave and said: "I thank Thee, Father, that Thou hearest me always." His will is the Father's. The Father's will is His.

What is the reason if the prayer be not answered? It is our will. Who wants to be responsible for Christ's unanswered prayer? What one of us this morning would want to be responsible for a mother's unanswered prayer? A young fellow presenting himself for admission to the Church, said: "Do you want to know why I am here?" "It is because I have been thinking since my mother died, a month ago, of her one great longing for me, and I can't stay out of the Church any longer. In other words, I can't hold myself further responsible for my mother's unanswered prayer." Just a few days before I came to this Conference a mother came to me and said: "Why don't my boy come to Christ; I know my prayers are sincere? I am praying for him nearly all the time. My prayer is almost without ceasing." I said: "It is not God's will; it is not Christ's will; it is not the Spirit's will; it is not your will; it is the will of your boy." The human will that we call so weak has the power to render Christ's intercessory prayer utterly unavailing. Will we be responsible for this? It is not enough to open the heart to Christ's Cross, or the heart to Christ's throne. We must open the will to that Cross and the will to that throne. Who of us can shut our hearts to such a love as that? That is the point at which I believe Christ's love "passeth knowledge." I can understand why He should come to the lost world with a great eternal sense of obligation for the redemption of man, and say "I delight to do Thy will;" send me to be the world's Redeemer. I can understand how He could travel that bloody road to Calvary. It was the fulfillment of His mission. But I can not understand why, after He has cried "it is finished," and poured out His wonderful life for us, He should in glory engage in that eternal service of intercession for your soul and mine. Some one has described that love of Christ as that of a tender shepherd climbing rocky mountains and crossing waters deep, and when asked, "How long wouldst Thou be willing to go homeless to find a straying sheep?" the gentle Shepherd answered: "I count not time as thou dost count, and bind the days in weeks, and months and years. My count is just *until*

I find." Can you sin against that love? Can you close your heart? Can you hold your will up against it?

When St. Paul puts the question: "Who is it that condemneth?" With this picture before us, shall we not answer him in his own words: "It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us, for I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

THE PASTOR'S DUTY, FOLLOWING THE VISIT OF THE EVANGELIST.

BY REV. W. B. JENNINGS.

The importance of this topic lies in the answer to the question: Who is responsible for the disrepute into which modern evangelistic effort has fallen? That evangelistic effort is in dispute—though, please God, this is growing rapidly less—is indisputable.

Among the results of an evangelistic campaign not infrequently are these:

1. A period of spiritual depression for the Church.
2. An alienation, incipient at least, between pastor and people.
3. A number of "converts" who can not be found. It is just to say, however, that not all alleged cases of vanished converts are real. An oft-quoted case is that of a large city church. The church building was burned, and the congregation had to

worship in an opera-house for two years. The services were made distinctly evangelistic, and 294 new members were received on confession of faith. After twenty-two years the Church records show that 193 have taken their Church letters or died; thirty-six are still in communion with the Church, leaving only sixty-five unaccounted for, a little more than 20 per cent.

Results like these have brought odium upon the cause. For this the evangelist is partly responsible. Among his faults which have contributed to this end are :

1. His appeal to the emotions, rather than to the intellect and conscience, which has resulted in temporary excitement and impulsive confessions.

2. His superficial, often erroneous, and sometimes impossible interpretations of Scripture, which bring the Word into ridicule by the educated, and lodges in the minds of the ignorant a false theology.

3. His vulgarity of style, in which flippancy and carelessness and coarseness not infrequently degenerate into profanity, and even obscenity, which tends to a revulsion against all preaching, and especially against the denunciation of specific popular sins.

4. His ungenerous criticism of pastors and churches, which sometimes weakens, and ultimately sunders the pastoral relation.

5. His greed of recompense, which makes it appear sometimes that the gaining of dollars is a more important consideration than the winning of souls.

6. His consummate egotism, which is manifest in word and manner, and seems to say, "*I am the whole thing.*"

But, when all this has been said, a part only of the truth has been told. The pastor, in many instances, is responsible for the opprobrium that rests upon modern evangelistic effort. Indeed, the larger blame may rest upon the pastor. By failure to follow up the word of the evangelist the pastor does incalculable harm to the whole cause. In a small city one of our most honored evangelists had brought more than a hundred to con-

fess Christ. Naturally one-third of these would have gone into a certain Presbyterian Church. Yet only one was added to that Church, because its pastor neglected to gather in the converts. Vanishing results, and consequent discredit to the cause of evangelism are, in that case, to be charged to the pastor only.

In the above statement I have told the story of my own conversion. Time was when I was not in sympathy with evangelistic effort. I was disposed to lay all the blame for its extravagances and bad results upon the evangelist. But I have come to believe that the pastor is accountable equally with the evangelist. And I am asking myself now whether the *larger* responsibility for the disrepute into which this work has fallen does not rest upon the pastor.

Herein lies the importance of the theme, the pastor's duty following the work of the evangelist.

The normal state of things at the close of the evangelist's visit is this:

1. Many added to the communicant roll of the Church. These are mere babes in Christ.
2. Many more interested in religion, perhaps to the point of a confession of Christ, but not yet brought into the Church.
3. Many Christians, long indifferent, aroused and desirous to serve.

Ingathering.

Springing out of such condition, the pastor's first duty is ingathering. After the reapers have come and gone, the farmer must at once draw the sheaves to the barn and house them there. Those awakened to interest must be brought into the Church. Impressions must be deepened into convictions; convictions must be brought to confessions; confessions must be followed by union with the Church. Not one who has shown any concern must be lost to Christ and His people. This ingathering requires prompt, particular, personal work. *Promptness* is necessary, lest the impression disappear, or the confession be followed by a swift slipping back into the world. *Particularity* is essential, for each case has its unique features, which the pastor

must know. *Personal* work, in which eye looks into eye and heart beats with heart, alone will do. To send a message, or write a letter only, is often to lose the soul.

In this work of ingathering the people can often help the pastor. I have in mind this case. A young man, employed in a factory, had risen for prayer in an evangelistic meeting. Hearing of this his employer went to him the next morning and said: "I am glad that you rose for prayer last night. I know that you are busy and have little time to see your minister. If you will go to talk with him you may leave this morning and your pay shall go on. And I will telephone him that you are coming, so he will certainly be at home." That young man went, and after that conference was brought at once into the Church.

Guarding.

The pastor's second duty is guarding. The new Christians are weak, and can not stand alone. Some of them are victims of special temptations brought over from the old life. They need a watchful eye to warn them of dangers. They need a helping hand to bring them over the rough places. Particularly do they need to be tided over times of unusual temptation. Converts of the spring-time need guarding through the summer season, with its frivolities and tendencies to worldliness. Young Christians, who have known the power of the drink habit, need to be helped over the Christmas-tide, with its temptations to indulgence. A teamster in a large dry-goods house, who had been a periodical drunkard, joined the Church. His employer, a Christian, knew the young man's habit, and knew, too, that it would be hard for him to stand true through the Christmas holidays. He and his wife invited the young teamster to dine and spend the evening with them on Christmas eve. They excused themselves to all other visitors. They showed him books and pictures; they gave him some music; they talked about the things which interested him. They did their utmost to make the evening pleasant for him. Not one word in rebuke of his old sin was said. But as he was going his host said: "We al-

ways have prayers before we go to sleep, and, if you are not in a hurry, we will be glad to have you join us." They sang a hymn, they read the Christmas story, they kneeled in prayer. The host thanked God for the Christmas joy, told him of the dangers which sprang out of that joy, and quietly asked God to keep them all from anything that would mar their gladness, or give Him pain. That was all, but that young man went away safeguarded beforehand against the temptations of the holidays. He was tided over his temptation time.

Teaching.

The pastor's third duty is teaching. These converts must be made intelligent Christians. Here, by the way, is the pastor's opportunity to supplement the evangelist's teaching if it has been partial, to correct it if erroneous, and to commend it if well done. One fact makes this work of teaching especially urgent, namely, the mental and moral plasticity of spiritual childhood. This teaching may be individual; in many cases it must be so. Sometimes it is best to gather the converts into classes for instruction in doctrines, or practical duties. Why may we not have converts' classes for those who have just joined the Church, as well as communicants' classes for those who intend to confess Christ? Or, it may be well to do this teaching from the pulpit at the morning service. Here is a list of topics used by our preacher on Sunday mornings after the evangelist had gone, and used with good results: "After the Revival, What? The Purpose of the Christian Life; The Duty and Joy of Giving; Making the Most of the Christian Life; Christian Perfection, Why it is Needed, What it is, What it Does; The Meaning of Temptations; Conscience as a Guide of Life; Prayer, Why Should One Pray, How, and for What? The Meaning of Trials; Providence in One's Life."

Setting to Work.

The pastor's fourth duty is to give these young believers something to do. Some definite direction must be given to

the energies of a child ; this, for the child's protection, for if he is not given something good to do, he will make opportunity to do some bad thing. For the child's development, too, for in doing some easy task he is strengthened and encouraged to undertake some larger work. So with these spiritual children. They must, for their own safety and growth, be set to work. And the work given them must be distinctly spiritual. It will not do merely to give them an usher's place or send them to distribute cards of invitation on the streets. Give them some soul to comfort or win, taking care, of course, to observe the fitness of things as to ages, social conditions, etc. Give a young man some fellow of his own age to speak to ; send that young woman to one of her worldly friends, to win her to Christ ; suggest to that child to ask his father to come with him to Jesus ; that strong business man, whose advice counts for so much on 'change, will have power with worldly business men. Study the needs of the field ; study the newly-enlisted workers. Set each one to do some definite spiritual thing and hold him responsible for it.

These are the duties of the pastor in following the work of the evangelist, in the neglect of which the pastor brings discredit on the whole evangelistic cause. The danger to the cause from the evangelist, whatever it may have been in the past, is now reduced to a minimum. The Assembly's Evangelistic Committee has selected carefully and sent out with its indorsement certain evangelists who may be trusted, and with whom all pastors may work. These men desire the co-operation of the pastors. Let all pastors not only prepare the way for them, and support them heartily, but let them be faithful in following up the evangelist's work, that nothing of its fruits be lost.

THE PRE-EMINENCE OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. R. S. MACARTHUR, D. D., AUGUST 19.

Colossians i, 18: "That in all things He might have the pre-eminence."

Leading to an Austrian city, which some of you know quite well, there is a very remarkable bridge. In the parapets of this bridge there are twelve statues of Christ. One statue represents Him as the sower; another represents Him as the carpenter; another as the good physician; and nine other statues represent Him as still nine other characters. In the morning the simple-minded country folk, coming into the city with their produce for the early market, pause and pray before Christ, the sower. A little later the artisan, coming into the city for his day's toil, offers his prayer before Christ, the carpenter, and still another, when the sun has risen, scattering the darkness of the night and flooding the world with his splendor, the invalid creeping out of the city to breathe the fairer and pure air of the country, bows before Christ, the great physician. I readily admit that there is much of ignorance and superstition, and, perchance, even of idolatry, in this worship, but it is also certain that it sets forth a great truth. Each worships the Christ that is nearest to himself, the Christ who best interprets the peculiar want and best supplies the special needs of each worshiper. The glory of Jesus Christ is that He can be everything to everybody. He can fill every soul with Himself, with all the fullness of God. He was everything to the Apostle Paul. Paul, even as Saul of Tarsus, never meant to be unloyal to Christ. He meant always to be loving and loyal to the Messiah. He longed for His coming. He opposed Jesus of Nazareth because at first he did not know that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah of God; but, when the light, brighter than the Syrian sun at noon-day, came upon him and he fell to the ground, he learned for the first time in his life that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah of God. He dethroned self. He

enthroned Jesus from that hour. From that hour Christ was his prophet to instruct him, his priest to atone for him and his king to command him. From that moment Christ was the inspiration of all his noblest desires. Christ was the theme of all his loftiest discursions. Christ was the goal of his sublimest endeavor. From that hour, for him "to live was Christ." Christ in him, and he in Christ, and when men saw him, they saw Christ.

Is it possible for us to give Christ the pre-eminence in our thinking, our acting, in our studying, and in our living? Is it possible for us to be in Christ and to have Christ in us, so that when men see us they shall "take knowledge of us that we have been with Christ and have learned of Him" and are like Him?

Permit me to point out some respects in which Christ is to have the pre-eminence. We are to give Christ the pre-eminence in creation. When we turn to the first chapter of Genesis, and the first verse we read: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." That is a very remarkable verse. It is more remarkable than we ordinarily suppose. That verse denies atheism because it assumes God. It denies materialism because it avers creation. That verse denies pantheism because it declares the personality of God. But, wonderful as is that verse, it is not to be taken alone. Alongside of it we are to put a verse that is like it: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." I venture to say that many of us misplace the emphasis in reading that verse. We hear it often read somewhat after this fashion: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was *with* God, and the Word was God." No, no. "In the beginning was the *Word*, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." We have in that verse the proposition which the entire Gospel by this evangelist was written to prove. But, wonderful as that verse is, it must not be taken alone. Put beside it the third verse of this chapter: "All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made"; and, alongside of that verse, some of the verses in connection with my text, in which it is averred that all things were

made by Christ, and the verse in the Epistle to the Hebrews, in which it is declared that by Him the worlds were made, that Jesus Christ is the world's Creator. Not God, the Father; not God, the Spirit, but God, the Son. He is the Divine, the glorious personality of the blessed Trinity, through whom created power was manifested, exercised and continued. Tonight I put on the brow of Jesus Christ the crown of creation. You must not for a moment suppose that the doctrine of the universality and uniformity of law militates in the least degree against this conception of creatorship in Jesus Christ. I think many sometimes speak of law as if it were some vague, mysterious, unexplained and inexplicable thing that had a personality and a potency of its own. You ask such men to define what they mean by law. Insist that the agnostic shall define law. Demand from him a statement of the sense in which he uses the Word. May I presume to give you a definition of law in this regard? Law is a name which we give to the manner in which we have observed some force to act. If the force be material we have a physical law. If the force be mental we have an intellectual law. If the force be moral we have a spiritual law. A law is not a force; a law is a form. A law is not a motor; a law is a motion; is not a power, is a process. Back of the process is the power; back of the motion, the motor; back of the form, the force; and, back of force, and motor, and power is Jesus Christ.

The doctrine of evolution does not militate against the creatorship of Jesus Christ. I do not know that that doctrine has been established. It is established so far as to become what has been called a working hypothesis. Grant that it may be thoroughly established; I am not alarmed even if it should be. If it be true, I want it established. I fear truth, never. I welcome truth by whatever procedure it is brought and from whatever quarter it comes. Truth is the daughter of God. Truth is the queen of Heaven. But, I want to know that it *is* truth that is brought to me.

If it should be shown that evolution is established, it does not eliminate God. It simply puts God farther back in the line of

development. I do not know but that the doctrine of evolution would add to God's power, to God's greatness, to God's glory. Nothing can be evolved until it has first been involved. You can not get it out if it be not in, and who put it in? Back of evolution is the evolver. Back of all order is the orderer. Back of all law is the law-giver. The ordainer, the orderer, the law-giver is Jesus Christ. I put again the crown of creation upon His blessed brow.

Christ has the pre-eminence also in revelation. We have sometimes made an unworthy distinction between creation and revelation. Creation is revelation so far as it goes. Science is revelation so far as it goes. Neither creation nor science can go far enough. Both, therefore, have to be supplemented by God with a higher, fuller, sublimer and diviner revelation, which we call the Bible. There is the most perfect harmony between natural and revealed religion. It is absolutely impossible that there should be any contradiction between the revelations of God in geology and the revelations of God in Genesis. There may be contradictions between our interpretations of God's revelations in Genesis and geology, but not in the revelations themselves. Wherever there is revelation there will be, to use a rare word, obvelation. Each implies the other. The fuller the revelation the greater the obvelation. It must not be supposed that the deep shadow implies the absence of bright light, but rather its presence. I find this most beautifully brought out in the 19th Psalm. I love to have God's inspired penman interpret God's great and glorious thought to my willing mind and waiting heart. When I turn to the 19th Psalm I read: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handy work." Then, in the next verse, by the way of the sublimest personification, we have: "One day calling unto another day," and the voice of one day does not cease to sing until the voice of the next day catches the echo and sends it singing through all the ages. Then comes night, and by a similar personification, night takes up the song and one night sings it gloriously to another night. In these first six verses you have natural religion. Beginning with the seventh

verse you instantly feel that you have come into a new atmosphere. We are standing now upon a pavement of adamant. "The law of the Lord is perfect." Isn't that beautiful? Isn't that superb? Isn't it sublime? Isn't it Divine? To the close of the thirteenth verse you have revealed religion, and then in the last verse you have experimental religion: "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer." From the observer watching the heavens, in the opening verse, there comes the redeemed soul lifting up his heart in prayer to God in the closing verse. You have in that Psalm creation, revelation and generation. Some of you, dear brethren, preach on that Psalm, and you can not help follow these divisions. They are inspired by God. Blessed Psalm. Lofty in poetry, glorious in music, sublime in thought, profound in religious emotion! Preach on it, and hear God's voice in the book of nature, the book of revelation and in the book of Christian experience. This whole book bears to God's creation the relation that the second division of that Psalm bears to the first. We do not honor the God of the Word by dishonoring the God of the world. Both books are from God. Both reveal His thought. Both are vocal with His name and resplendent with His glory. This book comes to us with a higher revelation, and Jesus Christ is pre-eminent in this book from the first majestic words of Genesis to the last notes of revelation. The Bible is not a book. The Bible is a library. It is more valuable than all the libraries of Great Britain, of France, of Germany, of Austria, of America, and of the world. I see in it God's hand. I hear in it God's voice. I see in it God's heart. Here I have in one part of this library thirty-nine books. In the other I have twenty-seven, making sixty-six volumes in this unique library. It took 1600 years to make this wonderful library. Think of the changes that occurred in the world while it was in process of preparation. Think of the changes in Roman civilization, in Greek civilization, in British civilization. It took probably forty human writers, plus the Lord God Almighty to give the world this library. Some of these writers

were princes, some peasants, some lovers of peace, some fierce warriors. Parts were written in palaces, parts in prisons, parts on the hill-side, parts in the valley. Parts of it came sobbing out of broken hearts; parts of it were triumphant *Te Deums* chanted while men leaped on the hill-tops of joyous experience. There is no other such book among men. None other will be known among men in all the years to come. This is the unique book—unique in its inspiration, unique in its history and unique in its matchless beauty and resistless power. This book will live when all other books and their writers are dead, and buried, and forgotten. It will be crowned with immortal glory, with beatific beauty, and be resplendent with heavenly lustre when all the other libraries of the world are forgotten. I sometimes wish I could come back to this world a hundred years hence and find out what the Biblical criticism of that day will be. I have sometimes thought for certain critics it was well that Moses was dead. He proved to be a very dangerous foeman on earth. He was dangerous to those who confronted him in the field of battle or councils of state. I repeat, that for some of the puny men who have tilted against Moses it is well that he is in Heaven and not upon earth. This book will stand.

Handel has given us some of the secrets of his preparation of the Oratorio of the Messiah. He tells us that he wrote half of the numbers on his knees; that his tears blended with the ink when he wrote some of the notes, and that when he came to the Hallelujah chorus it seemed, as he said in his broken English, "as if the very Heavens opened, and the great God Himself, He stand before me." I am sure we feel the force of his words as we sing that chorus. I never lose an opportunity of going to Carnegie Hall or elsewhere in New York at the glad Christmas time to hear the Oratorio of the Messiah. I have heard that pastoral symphony until it seemed as if my soul could not endure the bliss. I have felt that if Heaven had anything more beautiful in music I couldn't endure it except God should give me additional power of enjoyment in His immediate presence. I have listened to that contralto solo, "He was despised and rejected of men," until I felt as if my heart would burst with sor-

row in sympathy with my broken-hearted Lord, and I have listened to the Hallelujah chorus until I could, in my measure, repeat the experience of the immortal author of that immortal music. You know that in our great audiences on both sides of the Atlantic the audience rises when they come to the Hallelujah chorus. Comparatively recently this Oratorio was sung in London. The noble queen (God be thanked for her beautiful life, and her blessed memory) was in the royal box. The audience rose. All other members of the royal party rose. The aged queen kept her seat. On rolled the glorious chorus. Higher and higher swelled the superb music. Many eyes were turned to the royal box. There sat the queen. On went the chorus until it came to the sublime words: "King of kings, and Lord of lords." Then up rose the queen, and stood with bowed head, as if she would cast her crown at the pierced feet of Christ.

But oh, beloved Handel did not write the true Oratorio of the Messiah. This book is the Oratorio of the Messiah, the glory song chanted by angels, accompanied by celestial choirs, of the name and glory of Jesus Christ.

This book, written during so long a period and written by so many authors, is characterized by marvelous unity. Its unity is not external, but internal. It is not accidental, but essential. This unity is as real as the unity of any drama of Shakespeare; as perfect as Milton's "Paradise Lost," or "Paradise Regained," or any of Tennyson's poems. I dare to say that when the student of the Word of God catches the very soul of the Bible he sees its blessed unity, and that Jesus Christ is its heart, its soul, its life. Take Him away and it is largely meaningless. But place Jesus Christ on the throne of revelation and all is harmonious and beautiful. Every book becomes a singer in this glorious Oratorio, and the diapason of the Divine song is the love of God in Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Let me say that Jesus Christ has the pre-eminence also in history. It is very hard to give a satisfactory definition of history, but I may say, in general terms, that history is a record of collected events in which man has participated. According to

our modern conceptions of history, many so-called histories of the world will have to be ruled out from this category. Not until we come down to the reformation period do we have any true conception of history. Now we see that there is such a thing as a philosophy or science of history. It does not only show facts, but shows the relation between facts; shows us the nexus between cause and effect. I do not hesitate to say that when we get the right conception of history we shall find that Jesus Christ is the very center and soul of the history of this universe. It is a very striking fact, familiar to you all, that the inscription on Christ's cross was in three languages—Hebrew, Greek and Latin. Christ's cross stood at the confluence of three streams of civilization: the Hebrew stream, the Greek stream, the Latin stream. The Hebrew stood for religion, the Greek for art, the Latin for law. Go up the Hebrew stream, and you come to Isaiah, Solomon, David, Moses, to Abraham, to God; and all the glory of the Hebrew religion is carried to Calvary and laid down at the foot of the cross. An intelligent Hebrew who heard me say this called on me and said: "You have brought all the glory of my people's religion and adorned the cross with it, and I thank you for it." He said: "I am a Hebrew; I may never be a Christian, but I see the glory of Jesus Christ as I never saw it before, and I thank you for it." Go up the Greek stream, and it leads you to the Greek drama, to the Greek poets, to all the Greek artists, and their treasures are laid down at the cross. The Latin stream leads you to Rome, that sat upon her seven hills and ruled the world, and the glory of Latin law, and literature, and civilization, and organization comes to illumine the cross of Jesus Christ. I study all the past, all the present, and all the future, standing beside the cross. I see that all the great events of the world before Christ's coming converge. I see that all the great events since have diverged from the cross, and I hold that the man who studies otherwise is wrong in his philosophy. I am not now speaking as a Christian, but as a student of literature, of history, of law, of economics, and I affirm that the true student must study under the miraculous shadow of the cross. I study

the events of the past four years entirely in this light. Men talk as though God were dead, as if God were dethroned. Thank God that Jesus Christ sits on the throne of this universe. His pierced palm is on the helm of this world.

Christ has the pre-eminence in redemption, in salvation. In redemption we are not saved by baptism. We are not saved by the Lord's Supper. We are not saved by church membership. Not the waters of baptism, but the blessed blood of the Son of God cleanses us of sin. I shall not make light of baptism; God forbid. All the persons of the Godhead were visible at the baptism of Jesus Christ—God the Father, by an audible voice; God the Son, in human form, and God the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove. Dare any man make light of an ordinance honored by the Triune God? I shall not make light of the Lord's Supper, the Church, of church membership. The Church is the bride of Christ, and she is going to His palace. God said of the Church: "Ye are the light of the world." Men of the world say there are hypocrites in the Church. There was a Judas in the twelve, but there is not a Judas in twelve thousand of Christ's people today. One great reason the Christian faith is not more pure is because of certain abominable superstitions in the Christian creed. They are relics of heathenism, relics of Romanism. I met a man the other day who wanted me to baptize him for the remission of his sins. I said: "I will do nothing of the sort; it is Jesus Christ who forgives sins; go to Him. If you will come to me as an act of obedience to Jesus Christ, who has redeemed you, I will baptize you." In a little company of women in a hotel the remark was made that they never partook of the communion except on an empty stomach, and that they would not think of eating a morsel until after they had taken of the communion. Religion is sanctified common sense. Religion is the life of God in the soul of man. Religion is not irrational. The man who bows at Jesus' feet and says, "my Lord, and my God," he is the true rationalist. I was called recently to see a sick man. He was not a member of my parish, but, I tell you, every man is a member of my parish, whether at Winona or in New York,

if only I can help him. The moment I entered I knew I was in the home of a Scotch family. The wife was very anxious. She went up to the husband and said: "George, the minister has come." There was no response. She went to him again and said: "George, do you ken me? I am yir ain wife; will ye nae speak to me?" The face was lifeless; the eyes were lifeless. The daughter went to him, and she said: "Father, I am Janie. Father, will ye nae speak to me?" There was no response. I went up to him, and in a calm and clear voice said: "Do ye ken Jesus?" God gave him supernatural strength. Instantly his eyes opened. In a clear voice he said: "Yes, I ken Him weel; He is my ain." I took his hand in mine and knelt to pray. His hand grasped mine convulsively, then all was still. I rose! I looked into his face. Was that a time to talk about baptism, to talk about confirmation? That was a time to talk about Christ.

We want, not more creed, but more of Christ, in our sermons. You may have a father in heaven, as I have. I have never been able to tell all that my mother was to me when she talked to me in a sweet Scotch brogue. I think of Tennyson's lines:

*"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."*

But, past my mother, I will go in Heaven to cast my crown at the pierced feet of Jesus. Past the dearest earthly friend, I will go to give Christ the pre-eminence in Heaven. The sweetest song will be: Unto Thy name, Oh, Jesus Christ, be all the glory.

“A VACATION ANNOUNCEMENT.”

ARE YOU GOING TO WINONA THIS SUMMER?

If you are a teacher

Winona will appeal to you because of the excellent Summer School in session there from July 6 to August 14. This school offers most exceptional advantages to teachers who seek pleasure, progress and profit. It is most thoroughly equipped in its teaching force and splendidly furnished with buildings, laboratories, apparatus, etc., for careful, systematic and thorough study. The comprehensive plan under which this Summer School is carried on offers peculiar advantages in the variety of studies which may be pursued.

If you are a student

Winona offers unusual opportunities for carrying on the line of work which you have followed during the past winter and to associate with teachers and specialists who are well adapted to lead you into the higher realms of student life.

If you are a Christian worker

There is no better place in this country for you to spend a vacation than at Winona. The Bible Conference, which has been held there for eight summers, has become famous for its excellent program and prominent spiritual teachers and speakers. The growth of this conference has been phenomenal, and its influence each year widens and deepens. The NINTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE will be held this year from August 16-26. This preliminary announcement is, of course, subject to change, yet there is every reason to believe that every speaker whose name appears will be present with us at our summer gathering. Among those are the following:

Rev. G. A. Johnston Ross, D. D., Cambridge, England.

Rev. James Orr, LL. D., Glasgow, Scotland.

Rev. W. D. Reed, Canada.

Rev. Robert Johnston, D. D., London, Ontario.

Rev. W. G. Moorehead, D. D., Xenia, Ohio.

Rev. James M. Gray, D. D., Boston, Mass.

Rev. A. C. Dixon, D. D., Boston, Mass.

Rev. John Balcom Shaw, D. D., New York City.

Rev. George A. Funkhouser, D. D., Dayton, Ohio.

Rev. W. W. White, D. D., New York City.

Rev. George Stewart, Cleveland, Tenn.

Rev. R. R. Lloyd, D. D., San Francisco, Cal.

Rev. Cornelius Woelfkin, D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rev. John F. Carson, D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. John Willis Baer, New York City.

The work of this BIBLE CONFERENCE is interdenominational, practical, scholarly and spiritual, and each year hundreds of ministers and other Christian workers testify to the great inspiration and blessing that Winona has been to them. The following special features will be emphasized:

“WORK FOR MEN.”

By Rev. Rufus W. Miller, D. D., President of the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip.

“THE BUSINESS MAN’S RELATION TO THE CHURCH.”

By Mr. John H. Converse, Chairman of the General Assembly’s Committee on Evangelistic Work, and President of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, Pa.

“RESCUE MISSION WORK.”

For Men.

Mr. S. H. Hadley.

For Women.

Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, New York City.

“YOUNG PEOPLE’S WORK.”

Mr. John Willis Baer, New York City, assisted by Dr. E. F. Hollenbeck, Binghamton, New York, and Dr. John H. Elliott, New York City.

“SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK.”

Mr. Marion Lawrance, Mrs. Lamoreaux and Mr. W. C. Pearce.

“HOME MISSIONS.”

Rev. Donald McDonald, of Kentucky.

“FOREIGN MISSIONS.”

Rev. Arthur W. Halsey, D. D., New York City.

“CHURCH METHODS.”

Rev. John Balcom Shaw, D. D., New York City.

“EVANGELISTS AND THEIR WORK.”

Rev. Arthur J. Smith, D. D., New York City.

“TITHING.”

Mr. Thomas Kane, Chicago, Ill.

“MID-WEEK PRAYER-MEETING.”

Rev. R. V. Hunter, D. D., Buffalo, New York.

“A WORLD-WIDE REVIVAL.”

Mr. A. P. Fitt, President of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, Ill., and Mr. John H. Converse, Philadelphia, Pa.

We have invited Rev. R. A. Torrey, D. D., to be with us. He has just concluded his mission around the world, and

has one of the most remarkable blessings given to anyone, in that he has seen, literally, thousands come to Christ. He will have a thrilling story to tell.

It is our purpose this year, as last, to hold special conferences for evangelists at which questions will be discussed which are uppermost in the minds of the evangelists and pastors of the Church.

Mr. Harper G. Smyth, of New York, will be in charge of the music this year. He will be assisted by the following singing evangelists, who have promised to be present:

Prof. E. O. Excell.
 Prof. P. P. Bilhorn.
 Prof. C. C. Case.
 Prof. W. S. Weeden.
 Prof. John P. Hillis.
 Prof. S. W. Stophlet.
 Prof. and Mrs. J. J. Lowe.
 Prof. George A. Fisher.
 Prof. and Mrs. A. D. George.
 Prof. Collison.

I am sure you will agree from the foregoing announcement that we are to present this year the strongest program in the History of the Bible Conference work.

THE WINONA BIBLE SCHOOL.

In connection with the Winona Assembly and Summer School, which opens July 6th and closes August 14th, the second Summer School for Bible Study will be held.

I have been requested by the Directors of the Winona Assembly to assume charge of this part of the work. It will, therefore, be my pleasure this summer to give it my personal supervision and also to have some part from day to day in the program. It is believed that the great success of the Winona Bible Conference may, in a measure at least, be repeated in connection with this Bible School.

The purpose of the school may be expressed as follows :

First: It is our desire to study God's Word under the leadership of some of the most renowned Bible teachers in the world, and it will not only be possible for us to receive from these teachers the spiritual impressions of Bible study, but also because this is a school rather than a conference, to be instructed by them in the matter of exegesis and interpretation.

Second: It is our purpose also to present such teachers as members of the faculty who may have ability to lead us along the lines of the development of our spiritual experience in the study of prayer, the Holy Spirit, the life of service and sacrifice, etc.

Third: It is our purpose to study carefully the different methods of church work, such as the reaching of men, the work among young people, the preparation of a sermon, the best mode of conducting prayer-meetings, the matter of church finance, etc.

The teachers in this department will be recognized men of ability, who are able to speak with authority because they have had success along these lines.

Fourth: It is also our purpose and plan to have this next summer, in connection with our Bible School, a great Sunday-School Institute, which shall be under the direction of Prof. Hamill, of Nashville, Tenn., Mr. Marion Lawrance, of Toledo, Ohio, and such other skilled Sunday-school workers as they may select.

A partial list of our teachers is here given :

Rev. G. A. Johnston Ross, Cambridge, England.

Rev. James M. Gray, D. D., Boston, Mass.

Rev. Cornelius Woelfkin, D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Prof. R. R. Lloyd, San Francisco, Cal.

Rev. Joseph Kyle, Xenia, Ohio.

Prof. H. M. Hamill, Nashville, Tenn.

Mr. Marion Lawrance, Toledo, Ohio.

Rev. Daniel E. Jenkins, D. D., Omaha Theo. Seminary, Omaha, Neb.

This is but a portion of the faculty.

Other announcements will be made from time to time, but this Summer School will present one of the greatest opportunities for Bible Study, we believe, that has ever been given to the people of the Middle West.

Again, let me repeat, a most cordial invitation is extended to Christian workers everywhere. I shall be glad to answer any inquiries. Address me until May 1 at 156 Fifth avenue, New York City. After May 1, Winona Lake, Indiana.

Full particulars concerning the Summer School, opportunities for rest and recreation, expenses, etc., may be obtained from the General Manager and Secretary of the Winona Assembly and Summer School, Rev. Sol C. Dickey, D. D., who may be addressed until May 1, at Indianapolis, Ind., 118 Monument Place, and after May 1, at Winona Lake, Ind. Cordially yours,

REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D., Director.

SEE WINONA INVESTMENTS

Number One

Purchase of Lots in Winona Park, either for investment or summer home.

Number Two

Six per cent Association Coupon Notes with first mortgage notes as collateral. Threefold security value.

Number Three

Our building fund, one to five years, 6 per cent interest. Property of double value held by trustees as security for loan.

Number Four

Build Cottages for Rent, 8 to 15 per cent net. Require little attention or repairs.

Number Five

First Mortgage 5 per cent Gold Bonds, Winona & Warsaw Electric Railway.

REFERENCES

THOS. KANE	CHICAGO
J. M. STUDEBAKER	SOUTH BEND
CAPITAL NATIONAL BANK	INDIANAPOLIS
STATE BANK	WARSAW, IND.

Address S. C. DICKEY, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr., Indianapolis, Ind.

